

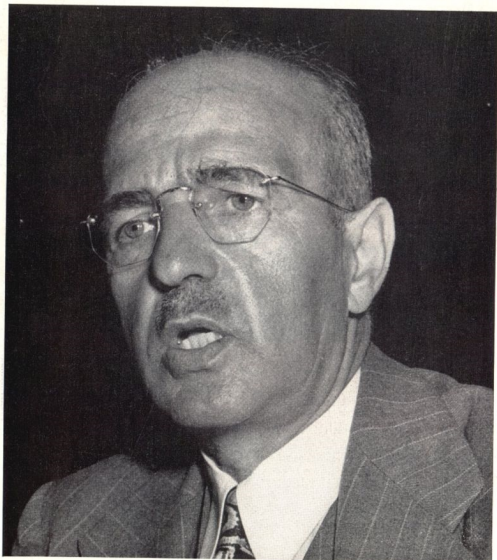
TWENTY CENTS

NOVEMBER 23, 1953

The Strange Case of
HARRY DEXTER WHITE

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



International

HARRY DEXTER WHITE
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VOL. LXII NO. 21



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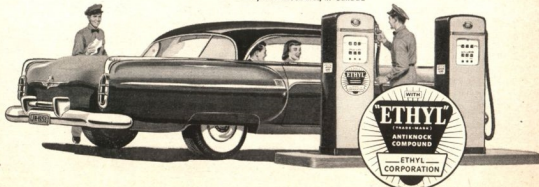
Next time your service station man removes the cap on your gas tank, tell him to fill 'er up with "Ethyl" gasoline.

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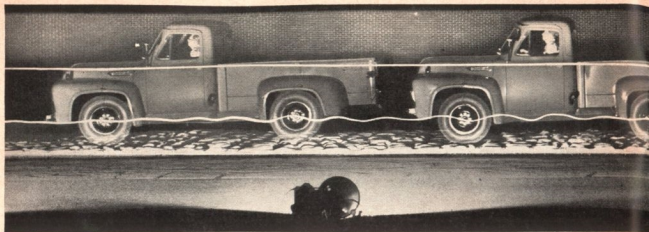
And all the while you'll be protecting your engine from the harmful effects of "knock." Yes—there's nothing like a tankful of "Ethyl" gasoline to make driving the pleasure it should be!

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Protect your engine—get more power with "ETHYL" gasoline



Now! The smoothest truck

For the man who puts the "pay" in payload, every road is "Easy Street" in a new Ford Truck. New DRIVERIZED CABS cut fatigue. New balanced chassis design combines ruggedness and performance with riding smoothness second to no other truck.



Loads of room for restful riding. New Ford DRIVERIZED CAB offers more hip-room than any of 5 other leading trucks.



Available in Ford Trucks only! Cutaway drawing shows seat snubber which acts as a "shock absorber" for the seat.



New seat comfort. Non-ang springs. Thick seat padding. Foam rubber (optional) in DRIVERIZED DELUXE CAB.

You're in for the smoothest and most refreshing ride this side of a Pullman, when you step into a Ford DRIVERIZED CAB!

Ford's wonderful ride goes deeper than its cab! . . . It goes all the way back to better balance in a complete new chassis

featuring longer springs for improved ride control and new short-turn, set-back front axles for greater stability and maneuverability in every model.

New short-stroke engine design releases extra power for time-saving delivery by cutting internal friction loss up to 20%. Choose from 5 great truck engines—V-8 or Six. Choose the one right truck for your job from over 190 Ford Truck models—ranging up to 55,000 lbs. G.C.W. See your Ford Dealer!

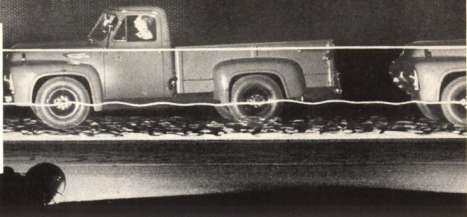


New extra-heavy sales leader! Introduced just 5 years ago, Ford F-800 now outsells all trucks in its class! It's the most powerful, yet priced with the lowest in 22,000 lb. G.V.W. range.



Picture-Window visibility! New Ford DRIVERIZED CAB offers over 2,100 sq. in. of glass area. New one-piece curved windshield—

Stroboscopic lights make one truck look like several in this unusual photograph showing how a Ford Truck with its new DRIVERIZED CAB levels the bumps. Light attached to the wheel hub makes a wavy line as wheels dance wildly on a rough Belgian Block road. Straight line made by light on door handle shows how much of the shock Ford has cushioned.



ride a driver ever had!

*Make the
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SIT DOWN TEST*

Discover the world's most comfortable truck cab! It's DRIVERIZED! ONLY FORD HAS IT!

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LETTERS

I Am a Camera

Sir:

I was delighted to find my portrait, done under the skillful brush of Artzybasheff, on the cover of *TIME*, Nov. 2. It was an abstract rather than realistic portrait, of course; for clear realism would have shown an Omnicam bag, Norwood light meter, Exakta VX, and three lenses including a 178-mm. f2.5 telephoto—all with travel stains from being logged 95,000 miles through twelve countries and four Pacific islands. But as a symbolic portrait it was superb.

W. NORWOOD BRIGANCE
Crawfordsville, Ind.

Sir:

Your story features the progress of U.S. photography. Is it significant that the cover is a painting of things photographic rather than a photograph of same?

BART A. GREENE
Riverdale, N.Y.

Sir:

Again Artzybasheff seems to show us to ourselves, his myopically candid-eyed character beautifully portraying the recent, rather revolting development within our ranks . . . of a whole group of souls who don't know what they've been looking at until the films come back from the drugstore, the exasperating but so frequently met guy who'll "tell you about my vacation when the prints are developed."

This sort of thing first hit me hard a few years ago while comfortably moseying over the Skyline Drive in Virginia . . . There were the usual fenced-off views . . . and each time as we obediently halted to look, we met the same happy couple, simple tourists like our-

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TIME
November 23, 1953

Volume LXII
Number 21

TIME, NOVEMBER 23, 1953

Only GAS Does So Many Things... So Well

Gas is indeed the ideal fuel for a clothes dryer! It's faster, more dependable, more economical! Every day thousands of homes enjoy the wonderful labor-saving advantages of a clothes dryer. When you buy your new one, make sure it's GAS, and get the finest in gas dryers—CALORIC—because

Only *Caloric*® Does So Much With GAS

Caloric "LO-HEET, HI-BREEZE" drying principle insures high speed drying with absolute safety. In fact, this perfect combination of safe, low heat and high-volume air flow is a guarantee that anything that can be safely washed in a washer, can be safely dried in a Caloric dryer—and fast!

No other dryer offers you more outstandingly improved features than Caloric! Waist-high lint screen for easier cleaning . . . sturdy drop-door for easy loading and unloading . . . beautiful porcelain-enamel and Nupon, the newly-developed wonder finish . . . are just a few of the many reasons why—

When you buy your new dryer:
make sure it's CALORIC and it will be GAS!



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selves, but with movie camera attached. Roaring into the parking spot, they slammed to a halt, leaped out, and, whirling like some great electronic brain, focused their mechanical eye . . . Then, whoosh!—into the car and off, one driving along with an eye for the next stop, the other busily twiddling gadgets and sorting film . . .

Granted that picture-taking is fun and that pictures are nice . . . good heavens! Let us remember to look around our camera lens occasionally and see something ourselves . . .

JACQUELINE GOODCHILDS

Ithaca, N.Y.

Sir:

The article saluting a half century of photography leaves no doubt that photography has taken root in America. Retrospectively, while a half century ago photography was little more than a curiosity, its society was contemplating converting itself into a bicycle club. I wish to thank the editors of *TIME* for the comprehensive review . . . The title "Two Billion Clicks" points to the amateur photographer in a crowning report on the subject and an inclusive history of the medium.

T. ANTHONY CARUSO

Curator of Photography

The Brooklyn Museum
Brooklyn

Atlantic Schism (Cont'd)

Sir:

Fair-minded *TIME*-readers, rereading my Oct. 12 article and Malcolm Muggeridge's reply [Nov. 2], may note that his is much more general (and rhetorical), mine more specific. He answers few of my concrete arguments. He doesn't even say if he agrees with the British or the American view on recognition of Peking, but he seems to accept the American view. If so, he is to that extent less representative than I of British opinion—though *TIME*, correctly, did not present my views as representative of British opinion as a whole.

Muggeridge himself criticizes U.S. policy only as "sentimental and imprecise"—i.e., too good for this wicked world. In fact, U.S. foreign policy since the war has been governed repeatedly, not by altruistic abstractions, not by sober assessment of world realities, not even (always) by fear of the U.S.S.R., but by cynical, domestic vote catching. The line on such issues as Palestine and South Tyrol and the timing of announcements on them were not argued on merit, but determined by their supposed attractiveness to this or that section of the American electorate . . .

My contrast between the "Christian heresy" of Communism and the "anti-Christian paganism" of Nazism, which excites some *TIME*-readers to such unchristian frenzies of abuse, was a quote from the late, great Archbishop of Canterbury, William Temple, whose works I advise them, for their own good, to study.

I should like to reply in detail to all these readers. Obviously, I cannot. Instead, summarily: 1) Most of them seem unable to identify themselves imaginatively with, e.g., Asians seeking freedom from hunger and colonialism and without our experience of the benefits of liberal Western democracy. These decent, God-fearing Americans fail to realize that, if they were Chinese peasants, they probably would prefer the Peking Communist regime to its predecessors.

2) To those who say "Look at the map, look at the Soviet expansion," I reply . . . look at the U.S. bases globally encircling the U.S.S.R. How would Americans feel about a Soviet base near the Panama Canal? How about a Monroe Doctrine for China?

3) I believe the Anglo-American partnership potentially valuable for peace, as it was



The PIONEERS came forward...

We think of pioneers as those courageous people who despite danger and hardship fought their way through forest, across prairie and desert—ever expanding the frontiers of our nation.

However, in the cities there also were pioneers. They were men whose courage and vision helped expand our economic frontiers.

Among these were the fore-

sighted businessmen who established an industry vitally important to the growth of our nation—INSURANCE!

This year seven American insurance companies, two of which belong to the America Fore Insurance Group, are celebrating their 100th anniversaries.

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for war. But there should be genuine, frequent consultation between partners (as there was, usefully, between President Truman and Mr. Attlee in December 1950). Meanwhile, it is not the differences between us which endanger peace by encouraging Soviet expansion; on the contrary, the more monolithically united we seem, the more acute will be Soviet fears, and fear is a bad mood for policymakers, in Moscow or in Washington.

4) Only those committed to the inevitability of World War III can deny the possibility of the peaceful coexistence of Russia and the West. If this possibility is accepted, there is no point in continuing the cold war and the rearmament race; the West already has enough arms for defense . . . let us concentrate more and more on the economic and social uplifting of underdeveloped areas. If war is regarded as inevitable—and it is presumably hoped to win it—what do TIME-readers propose to do when the war is won and both halves of the world devastated? Occupy the whole of Communist Europe and Asia? For how long? And how?

TOM DRIBERG
House of Commons
London

Sir:
Both Driberg and Muggeridge carelessly throw around the phrase "Christian heresy" when speaking of Communism. Muggeridge is entirely inaccurate when he says this notion was "first propounded by Professor Arnold Toynbee." The phrase and the idea are far older than Toynbee and mean something different from what Muggeridge thinks.

The late Archbishop of Canterbury, William Temple, used the phrase "Christian heresy" [in 1933] and called Communism "undoubtedly the most serious menace which has threatened the Christian Faith in the civilized world for some hundreds of years." The theme has since been used by such brilliant foes of Communism as Roman Catholic Jacques Maritain, Protestant Reinhold Niebuhr and Skeptic Bertrand Russell. All these see what Driberg and Muggeridge glibly overlook—that battles against heresy may be more critical than battles against completely alien faiths.

ROGER LINCOLN SHINN
Professor of Philosophy
and Religion

Heidelberg College
Tiffin, Ohio

Sir:
I . . . I would say that any antagonism toward the U.S. by the man in the street in England is emotional rather than rational, e.g., "Let them start the next war, and we'll come in two or three years later, after we've made a pile selling them stuff," or "If there had been a few bombs on New York in the last lot, they mightn't be so bloody keen now." It is not Communists who make these remarks.

The truth is that—individual cases aside—Britons do not like Americans, and I suspect most other nations don't either, for the same reason that Britain was disliked when she ruled the roost. This dislike does not matter very much; the trouble is that a bungling foreign policy plus the utterances of a few of your louder-mouthed politicians have cost the U.S. the respect she enjoyed in 1945.

P. LANDY
Ashbourne, Meath, Ireland

The Pursuit of Fire Water
Sir:

Your Nov. 2 report that the Arizona Synod of the Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A. recommended . . . that the ban on the sale of liquor to Indians be lifted is in error. Synod did not make this recommendation. Rather, in the interest of civil rights, Synod

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EXCITEMENT IN A BOTTLE



★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

MAN was seeing his first football game. As the teams trotted out on the gridiron, his friend said, "Now you're in for more excitement than you ever got for \$1.50." "I doubt it," replied the man; "that's all I paid for my marriage license." He might have said, "I paid even less for my bottle of Courtley After Shave." And what excitement that generates! We've heard tell that Courtley After Shave has caused more excitement than a crooner at a bobby soxer's convention. According to these stories, the fragrance of Courtley After Shave on the male chin has it all over moonlight, gentle breezes, soft music, champagne or even 5-carat diamonds in creating romantic flutterings in the female heart. Besides, Courtley After Shave feels wonderfully refreshing on your skin . . . tingling, enlivening. Costs only \$1.25 plus tax and up . . . no more per day than the water you drink. At that price, or at any price, can any gentleman afford to be without it? Ask at your drug or department store . . . wherever they sell the finest of gentlemen's toiletries, Courtley.

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You can be sure men will appreciate gifts made with "Dacron". For they know how "Dacron" helps suits hold their press, shrug off wrinkles through days of wear. And men will welcome the chance to enjoy the wonderful advantages, the new, neater look in other clothes. Wives, too, appreciate what "Dacron" does for men's wear... they love its easy-care qualities! We suggest you shop early. The supply in some cases is limited.

*Trade-mark for Du Pont's polyester fiber.

Look for advertisements by leading stores in your local newspaper featuring clothes made with "Dacron". Du Pont produces fibers only—not fabrics or garments. The skill of mills and manufacturers in using fibers properly is your assurance of quality and value.

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—says **Tom McCahill**, well known, free-lance automotive journalist whose test reports of American and European cars appear regularly in *Mechanix Illustrated* magazine.

"I've been around automobiles for a long time and have road-tested practically every make and model of hack—giant family-size buckets to high-performance sports cars—put together on these shores or across the pond. You learn a lot about any engine when you check its everyday performance, and then see how much punishment it can take without coming unglued. There's one thing you discover very quickly—the finest engine in the world is no better than its weakest spark plug.

"Spark plugs may look small and unimportant but, brother, if you want that mill of yours to unleash all its horses, make sure you have the best spark plugs money can buy. That's where Champions take over the spotlight. I've had Champions go on delivering the mail in car tests that would have other spark plugs wasting more compression than the Silver Cornet Band of Prunewhip, Missouri. Furthermore, I've watched Champion-equipped cars cream everything in sight in most of the world's great speed, endurance and reliability runs—from the Indianapolis "500" to the great 24-hour Le Mans.

"So take a tip from your Uncle Tom, and get set for winter driving by putting dependable Champion Spark Plugs in your car. They're your best assurance of positive starting and worry-free motoring when, 'the north wind doth blow and we shall have snow'."

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY, TOLEDO 1, OHIO

AMERICA'S FAVORITE

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voted to request Governor Howard Pyle to put the matter and final decision in the hands of Indian tribal councils . . . It isn't that Presbyterians are in favor of liquor. The point is that they are against discrimination, and they feel that white man's laws banning the sale of liquor to Indians were discriminatory . . .

DOUGLAS S. VANCE

State Executive

Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A.
Synod of Arizona

Family Portrait

SIR:

MANY THANKS FOR YOUR WONDERFUL NOV. 9 STORY [ON THE RADIO-TV SHOW "MY LITTLE MARGIE"]. ALL OF US WERE VERY THRILLED, ALTHOUGH MY THREE SONS, PHILIP, PETER AND PAUL, RAISED A FEW OBJECTIONS. THE BABY WHO APPEARED IN THE PHOTO WITH ME



Murray Garrett—Graphic House
GALE STORM & SONS

WASN'T MINE BUT SIX-MONTH-OLD DEBORAH ANN FARRELL (NO RELATION TO CHARLEY), WHO WAS FEATURED ON ONE OF OUR PROGRAMS. I CERTAINLY DIDN'T MIND, AND AM SURE DEBORAH ANN DIDN'T, BUT MY BOYS SEEMED TO RESENT AN INTRUDER . . .

GALE STORM

HOLLYWOOD

¶ For a family portrait of Actress Storm and offstage sons, see cut.—ED.

The Price of Meat

Sir:

I must congratulate you on your Oct. 26 article "Meat Prices—Why Are They So High?" . . . It can't be emphasized enough that the farmer or rancher is lucky to break even on feed costs, and where drought conditions exist, is losing his shirt. It takes just so much and so long to produce beef ready for market, and without price support, you're going to limit production where there is no profit . . . The farmer and rancher can't buy machinery, household supplies, clothes, and get for their produce prices at the bottom of the ladder. One answer is for small operators to sell directly to the consumer who has access to home freezers and commercial lockers. A cushion for seasonal fluctuations is the answer to inflation, labor unions, fair-trade agreements . . .

JUNE TURNER

Whitefish, Mont.

Sir:

. . . To have come through the big drop in cattle prices on the hoof and to see the small difference it has made in retail prices still baffles me; if the farmer gave the packer the cattle and hauled them in free, how much would the price of retail meat lower? Admittedly the prime and choice



"I WANT THE DRUMSTICK, DADDY!"

Four months ago, Bob Jenks lay in a hospital bed . . . frightened and sick with worry. He had lost an arm in an accident at the plant. What, he wondered, lay ahead for him and his family?

He was surprised by what happened. He followed two thousand successful graduates through Liberty Mutual's Rehabilitation Center. After some drastic mental and physical adjustments, he learned to use and depend on his new "arm."

His machinist's skill has been transferred to welding, and he can do things with his electrode holder that the ordinary two-handed man cannot match. His pay is regular and ample.

It was a great day that first pay-

day. The whole family celebrated, and Bob proudly showed the carving skill of his new arm.

When a man like Jenks returns to work and normal living, everybody gains. First of all, he and his family gain. His employer gains when he keeps a loyal, experienced man. All compensa-

tion insurance costs are kept down.

Rehabilitation of men like Bob Jenks is part of Liberty Mutual's Humanics program. The complete program brings together all activities for preventing accidents and for reducing loss when accidents happen. All parts of the program — Industrial Engineering and Industrial Hygiene, Preventive Medicine, Rehabilitation and Claims Medical Service — are directed to cutting down loss in all forms.

This program can help you cut your compensation insurance costs. How . . . and how much . . . you can find out by calling or writing the Liberty Mutual office nearest you. Or write to us at 175 Berkeley Street, Boston 17, Massachusetts.

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the only battery in the world with

Climate Control

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Just turn this Key...



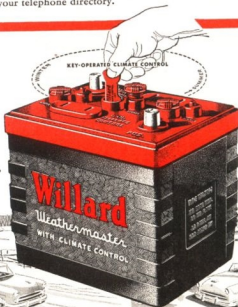
Climate Control increases battery life in any climate...

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Wherever you live—North, South, East or West—you'll want the revolutionary new Willard Weathermaster with Climate Control. Best for hot weather driving... best for cold weather starting... it's two tremendous batteries in one. It's the first and only battery in the world that automatically adjusts its power-output to meet your climate—at the turn of a key. See it... try it... buy it from your nearby Willard Dealer.

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NEW Metalex Grids
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steaks will be high—they always have been—but let the Cadillac owners and swank restaurants have them. Your reporter might be surprised to see the towns and stores that don't carry as good a quality as the "good," but at a "good" price; and much of that hamburger and lower-priced meat isn't from the 14¢ steer, either; it comes from that 6¢ and 8¢ cow that we have been selling... As for your solution of "... a wider attempt to breed better-grade cattle with less waste..." one would assume that we are still marketing the scrubby of the old Longhorns. Have you never heard of purebred bulls? of the purebred breed associations? of the international and various livestock shows? ...

T. W. GREER

Louisa, Ky.

Sir:

You've made a lot of us "cattle producers" happy in doing the job the American Meat Institute has failed us in—that of informing the consumer on the "why" of high beef prices, which the institute could help solve in educating the housewife to ask for commercial cuts of beef. Our cattle operation has lost money for two years, we have no oil wells, and we'd rather go broke than see Benson sold down the river and the Government mess up all competition and enterprise with price supports.

Secretary of Agriculture Benson is our nomination for TIME's Man of the Year.

ASHBY WARDEN HARDY

Craig, Mont.

Six of the Best

Sir:

Here's one reader who jumped for joy when he read of the English education of Chicago Newsman Ernie Hill's stepson Jonathan [TIME, Nov. 2]. It comes as no surprise to learn that "six of the best"—six wallops with the headmaster's cane—work wonders with a boy too long exposed to progressive education in U.S. schools...

THOMAS H. BRUNT

Allentown, Pa.

Sir:

The tribulations of Foreign Correspondent Ernie Hill in the education of Jonathan may leave him "strictly speechless," but, for my money, not speechless enough... If little Johnny was tardy 32 times in one year, the school can hardly be blamed for that fact... If six wallops with a birch cane were what Jonathan needed (as it turned out, big surprise), let Papa Hill know that birch canes are for sale in New York as well as in London, and it is his legal duty to apply the cane. Is it an indictment of the American public school system that Mr. Hill is a failure as a parent? ...

ARTHUR B. BENSON

Los Angeles

Sanare's Tractor

Sir:

I am much taken by your Oct. 26 article "A Tractor for Sanare"; of a people financially limited but spiritually rich trying to improve their condition. I know they have the best wishes of many people, but perhaps they should have more than just wishes. Tractors need fuel and oil—and one tractor must feel very lonely in the mountains of Venezuela. Enclosed please find my check for \$25 for the people of Sanare and their tractor...

CARLTON F. EVANS

Atlanta

TIME has forwarded Reader Evans' check to the Friends of Sanare Society, which bought the tractor.—Ed.

TIME, NOVEMBER 23, 1953

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TIME, NOVEMBER 23, 1953

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A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Dear Time-Reader

In his Carmel, N.Y. studio one winter morning in 1939, a harried artist packed a portrait into his station wagon and headed for Manhattan. As the car slithered down the slippery lane, one of the doors jounced open and snagged a roadside pine. The door was left behind dangling on the tree as the car sped on.

Thus did Ernest Hamlin Baker hurry to deliver his first *TIME* cover portrait: Poland's Statesman-Pianist Ignace Jan Paderewski (*TIME*, Feb. 27, 1939). Artist Baker, who had done some previous work for *FORTUNE*, had been given just 48 hours to turn in the rush assignment. He made the deadline, and has been doing *TIME* covers ever since. So far, he has done an impressive total of 347 portraits for *TIME*. Since so many of you have written to tell me how much you liked Baker's portraits, I asked him to tell us something about himself and his work.

His first ambition, says Baker, was to be a political cartoonist. After graduating from Colgate University, where he made pocket money by selling caricatures of the faculty, the Poughkeepsie *Evening Enterprise* hired him as a \$21-a-week cartoonist. The next year Baker married, borrowed \$500, and took his bride to New York City where he enrolled for evening classes in an industrial art school. This was a mistake, he says. "I lost confidence in myself and got so scared I quit after three months." He decided to go out and simply draw.

Baker's decision that he was his own best teacher proved to be correct. With his wife Ernestine acting as his agent, commissions began to come in. It was a series of profile illustrations for *The New Yorker* mag-

for the artist and the busy person whose face has become so newsworthy. For each assignment the artist is given a basic photograph of his subject plus ten to 30 other pictures which furnish supplementary data on head construction, facial forms and expressions revealed by the different camera angles and lighting. I have searched thousands of photographs for facial forms, from bony structure and musculature, through



Ernest Hamlin Baker
Artist BAKER

talebearing wrinkles down to skin texture. I have found that this detached, objective exploration of a person's features brings forth the subject's appearance and his character with surprising fidelity." Although the finished cover portraits are the property of the artist, *TIME* occasionally buys the original to present to the subject. So far, 105 people own original Baker portraits, 16 bought directly from the artist and 89 presented by *TIME*. The latest subject to receive his original portrait was U.S. Atom Boss Lewis Strauss (*TIME*, Sept. 21), who wrote recently to say that he considered himself highly flattered by Artist Baker's work.

Baker's favorite cover is his head of John L. Lewis (*TIME*, Dec. 16, 1946); the one which gave him the most trouble was the recent portrait of Procter & Gamble's President Neil McElroy (*TIME*, Oct. 5). "Everyone decided it would be nice to have soapbuds in the background," says Baker, "so I mixed up a lot of suds. I stared two weeks at those blasted soapbuds. I had to draw every single stinking bubble, millions of them. I nearly went nuts."

Artist Baker now lives "in a white house on a green knoll in a beautiful valley" in Hendersonville, N.C., where, he says, "I work every day in the week and never, never have a day off. I'm in a gorgeous rut." It takes Baker two weeks to complete a *TIME* cover. He commutes to New York every other Wednesday to deliver a portrait and pick up his next assignment. During the work on a cover, he walks a mile before breakfast and does elaborate calisthenics to combat easel fatigue. The one exercise he hates is mowing the lawn. He is seriously thinking, he says, of planting the entire area with green concrete of rough texture.

Cordially yours,

James A. Linen



LEWIS, PADEREWSKI, McELROY

azine that caught the eye of *FORTUNE*'s art editor and eventually brought *TIME* and Baker together.

It was with Baker's first cover that *TIME* started its unique portraiture reporting, a technique in which the artist works entirely from photographs. Says Baker: "Having the subject sit through many poses would be impractical both

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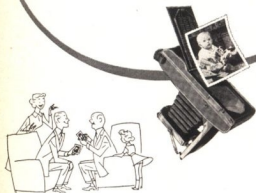
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THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

The Climate of Treason

Caught in a flareback of history, desperate Democrats tried with might & main to wriggle out of the Harry Dexter White scandal. Their line was different from the flat assertions of outrage ("Red herring," "I do not intend to turn my back . . .") that greeted the 1948 charges against White and Alger Hiss. This time the fact of espionage was more or less admitted. Harry Truman acknowledged that White was disloyal, and even the *New Republic* said: "There can be little doubt that White was guilty of the actions described by Miss Bentley," i.e., passed secrets to the Communists and influenced U.S. policy according to Communists' wishes.

Despite this fact, said the Democrats, the Republicans were not justified in repeating the charge against White or in disclosing that Truman had the facts on White months before White left Government service. "I don't think the people will eat warmed-over spy," said Democratic National Chairman Stephen Mitchell. It was pointed out by other Fair Dealers that the "political climate" of the years when White served the Russians was very different from the climate today. Somehow, this was supposed to be an excuse for White and the people who protected him.

In fact, the political climate of the Roosevelt and first Truman Administrations was the real weight of the case against the Democratic leaders. Political climate is man-made. The moral confusion that marked the Roosevelt Administration made it possible for White & Co. to attain great power. That this confusion still exists is evidenced by Truman's continued refusal to accept the meaning of the White case.

Nobody would accuse Roosevelt or Truman of disloyalty. What they were accused of was creating and maintaining a political climate in which treason flourished.

INVESTIGATIONS

One Man's Greed

(See Cover)

He was a peddler's son, a puny boy born in the shadow of the el in a Boston slum. At school his grades were not notable and hardly anyone noticed him—except the bullies. They picked on him. Even when he grew up and became a Doctor of Philosophy he had to take a job he



Associated Press

HARRY TRUMAN & ADVISER*

The story came in several versions.

didn't like. And then, suddenly, Harry Dexter White got his chance to show everyone how important he could be.

His chance came in Washington, in the U.S. Treasury Department. He got a job there, and he pushed and shoved and schemed his way upward until he was one of the most important men in the world. Before long, he was sneering publicly at Robert A. Taft, telling him haughtily in a session of the Senate Banking Committee that a certain monetary matter was beyond Taft's "knowledge and competence." He was telling big people what to do: he bullied Lord Keynes, the famed British economist. As a result of White's maneuvering, Winston Churchill unhappily put his "W.S.C." on a plan for postwar Europe which, if it had been carried out, might have resulted in the domination of Europe by Russia. He built a sort of substitute State Department in the U.S. Treasury. His influence on U.S. policy was massive, and while he used it, he also passed U.S. secrets to a Communist spy ring. Then, as his very importance began to build a trap around him, he died.

Who was Harry Dexter White? How did he get his power?

Life Beneath the El. White's parents were Jacob and Sarah Weit, who came to the U.S. from Lithuania (then a province of Russia). A peddler, Jacob moved into the hardware and crockery business, and at one time the family had four stores. Harry White was born Oct. 29, 1892, at 57 Lowell Street, Boston, in a crowded, busy, tenement district beneath the dust and roar of the el. A nervous boy, he belonged to a grade-school group that met one night a week at the Webster Literary Club, where each boy would write and read a composition and all would discuss them. When the family began to prosper, they moved to Everett, a Boston suburb, where Harry attended high school. His grades (79 in French, 85 in chemistry) gave no clear sign of his later brilliance.

Out of school, he first tried the hardware and crockery business, which had been left to him and two elder brothers by his father. Perhaps in revolt against Lowell Street, he thought for a time about being a farmer. He registered at the

* Judge Samuel I. Rosenman, White House speechwriter for both Presidents Truman and Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Massachusetts Agriculture College (now the University of Massachusetts), where he was admitted conditionally in the fall of 1911; he had failed two entrance examinations: American history and civics. He stayed on only one semester, got an average of 80.8, then went back to selling hardware. Just six days after the U.S. declared war on Germany in April 1917, White (who had earned a 99 in military science in his one college semester) enlisted in the Army, was sent to officers' training school.

Just before he went overseas in 1918 (to serve with the 302nd Infantry, 27th Division), Harry White married Russian-born Anne Terry, a student at Pembroke College in Providence. A Phi Beta Kappa and later a successful author of children's books (e.g., *Prehistoric America*, *Lost Worlds*, *Three Children and Shakespeare*), Anne Terry White became an intense "liberal."

Just Like Adam Smith. Not long after 1st Lieut. White came home from the war in 1919, he packed up and went to New York to become director of a settlement house. Once there, he decided to get a college education. He enrolled at Columbia University in February 1922, moved across the country to Leland Stanford as a junior three semesters later. The mature and married White was a different kind of student. He graduated (A.B.) from Stanford in 1924, "with great distinction" and also with a Phi Beta Kappa key. A year later, also at Stanford, he got his master's degree in economics. Despite his excellence as a student, he was never mentioned in any student publication.

After Stanford, White went to Harvard, where he worked toward his philosophy doctorate. Not until he got it, apparently, did Harry Dexter White become proud of his record. The listing he prepared for Who's Who starts with the Harvard degree, ignoring all of his life before that. He is remembered as a brilliant, bumptious student and instructor at Harvard, assertive and quick to argue. After he got his doctorate in 1930, he continued teaching economics at Harvard and also taught at Boston's Simmons College. But he felt he was not going any place at Harvard, and he could find no other teaching job in the East. In 1932 he took the best job available—associate professor of economics at Lawrence College, Appleton, Wis. (the home town of U.S. Senator Joseph McCarthy).

At Appleton, White felt, and said he felt, marooned, and that his job was beneath his talents. He is remembered there as an excellent instructor but a distant, arrogant man who "thought the White opinion was the only opinion." No Marxist, he taught economics "as conservatively as Adam Smith," said one of his superiors. While there, he published his Harvard thesis, *The French International Accounts 1880-1913*, in book form. Its most interesting lines are in the acknowledgments. There is one to Dr. L. (for Laughlin) B. (for Bernard) Currie, who read the manuscript, and one to Dr. A.



Thomas D. McAvoy—LIFE
WITNESS CHAMBERS
Handwriting in the pumpkin.

(for Abraham) G. (for George) Silverman, who clarified certain points. Both Currie and Silverman later were linked with White in testimony about espionage rings.

"The Waterbug." Harry Dexter White was plucked out of Appleton and taken to Washington in June 1934 by Professor Jacob Viner, the internationally known economist, then a Treasury official. White went to the capital only for a summer assignment: to study the gold standard and international trade. By fall he had settled down to a long career in the Treasury—and an interesting career it was. He was not a great economist. His specialty was international payments,



Thomas D. McAvoy—LIFE
WITNESS BENTLEY
Jobs in the right places.

which does not require much theoretical ability but does pose intricate problems, as chess does. In the 1930s, White wrote some rather original memoranda on the modified gold standard, but he published only one book in his life: his Harvard thesis. His consuming interest was not in economics for its own sake but as a path to political power. He once told a friend that he had originally planned to study government, "but pretty soon I realized that most governmental problems are economic, so I stayed with economics."

He could hold his own in technical arguments, but his greatest talent was his ability to put a technical point in broad, political perspective and reduce it to plain English. An associate recalls: "He could talk economics in kindergarten terms." This was important because his boss as Secretary of the Treasury was Henry Morgenthau Jr., who had every reason to appreciate a man who could talk in kindergarten terms.

White soon became a forbidding figure at Treasury. A stocky little man with a cropped brush mustache that twitched when he was nervous, he lunged around the corridors with a jerky gait. He was a ruthless martinet with subordinates, bluntly critical of those he considered his intellectual inferiors—and that included just about everyone. He was intolerant: a man who opposed Harry White was likely to fall under suspicion of being "pro-Nazi." He worked and schemed constantly, slept and played little. Said one of his associates: "He ranged everywhere, like a waterbug."

Harry White cared not at all for comforts or luxury. What he wanted was power, and he got more and more of it.

Within four years after he started at Treasury, a new division, Monetary Research, was created at his suggestion. The logical choice to head the department: Harry Dexter White. To push himself ahead, he flattered his superiors shamelessly. He used to tell his staff members that he learned the trick of flattery as a salesman. He could always sell a man after a compliment, he said. His advice: "You can't pile it on too thick."

This gave some staff members an idea. If the boss thought that technique worked so well, maybe it would work on him. They tried it, and work it did. When an employee would tell him that he was a greater economist than Britain's Lord Keynes, the man White envied most, White would preen himself. The Communists, too, learned that White could be flattered. Their technique was revealed when a baffled Washington carpenter named Harry White received a container of caviar, then a case of vodka, and then an engraved invitation to a social occasion at the Soviet embassy. Through a mistake in addresses, Carpenter White had received Harry Dexter White's flattering mail from the Soviet embassy.

Willing & Witting. As head of Monetary Research, Harry Dexter White had one of the most remarkable personnel gimmicks in Washington. His funds did

not come from Congress, but from profits of the \$2 billion revolving stabilization fund. This enabled him to hire his staff without the usual civil service red tape. As a result, he surrounded himself with many employees who might not have passed even the loose scrutiny of the day. Some of them took refuge in his agency after having security-clearance trouble in other jobs; at least five of them later ducked behind the Fifth Amendment, refusing to say whether they were 1) Communists, or 2) spies, on the ground that an answer might incriminate them. Among these were Frank Coe, A. George Silverman, Harold Glasser and William Ludwig Ullmann.

No economist, Ullmann rose rapidly in White's division, partly by using White's technique of flattery on White. At one time Ullmann used to pick White up in the morning and drive him home at night, going three or four miles out of his way to do so. Ullmann's hobby was photography. He once advised an associate to buy an Exakta camera because it had an attachment that was most useful in photographing documents. Ullmann shared a house with Nathan Gregory Silvermaster, named by Elizabeth Bentley as the head of a Communist spy ring. Silvermaster and Ullmann have both refused to affirm or deny that they were Communists, or that they were spies.

Whittaker Chambers, former Communist courier, outlined his dealings with White in great detail. The Treasury official, he said, was probably not a member of the Communist Party, but he was its willing and witting tool. He handed secret documents over to the spy ring for copying, and when he was dealing with Whittaker Chambers, he wrote a fortnightly summary of the secret documents that passed over his desk. One of these summaries, in White's own handwriting, was among Chambers' famed pumpkin papers.

During the war, White could supply information far beyond his own field because he had pushed through a policy making the Treasury Department a nerve center for secret war information.

To show the Communists' "gratitude," Chambers once gave Oriental rugs to White and three other participants in his espionage ring. Some years later, a member of a different spy apparatus, with whom White was working, saw the rug and said: "Why that looks like one of those Soviet rugs." While White shifted nervously, there was an embarrassed silence. The next time the associate visited White, the rug had disappeared.

Analyzing White's motives, Chambers found that the Treasury man "enjoyed the feeling that he was in direct touch with 'big, important people.'" In his book, *Witness*, Chambers recalled White in this passage: "There is Harry Dexter White. I see him sauntering down Connecticut Avenue at night, a slight, furtive figure. I am loitering near the Ordway Theater, where he has insisted (probably out of laziness) that I meet him for the third time in a row. Yet he is nervous at the

contact, and idles along, constantly peeping behind him, too conspicuously watchful . . ."

There is corroboration of Chambers' word on White. Ex-Communist Agent Elizabeth Bentley told congressional committees that White was a key man in the Red spy ring; that he not only delivered information to her associates, but also pushed Communists into strategic jobs. At a hearing of the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee on May 29, 1952, there was this exchange between Michigan's Republican Senator Homer Ferguson and Miss Bentley:

Ferguson: What were your avenues for placing people in strategic positions?

Miss Bentley: I would say that two of our best ones were Harry Dexter White and Lauchlin Currie [who was a presidential assistant]. They had an immense amount of influence, and knew people and

elbow and ear, the Treasury Department became an important voice in wartime diplomacy, and it was a leading planner for major postwar policies. Morgenthau sat as chairman of an interdepartmental committee on postwar economic planning. White drafted the basic plan for the International Monetary Fund and the World Bank, set up at Bretton Woods in July 1944. It was in this connection that White's general views prevailed over those of Britain's Lord Keynes. In a meeting once, White sneeringly called Keynes "Your Royal Highness." Keynes was offended at what he considered an insult to the Crown.

One of White's greatest triumphs, although a short-lived one, was the Morgenthau plan for postwar Germany. The plan called for destruction of nearly all German industry, and reduction of Germany to a "pastoral" state, plus early withdrawal of



LORD KEYNES & HARRY WHITE

A summer assignment became a long and interesting career.

their word would be accepted when they recommended someone.

In its files, the FBI has additional, independent information about White that confirms the Chambers-Bentley testimony. This evidence shows repeated contacts between White and Gregory Silvermaster. One of Attorney General Herbert Brownell's problems: much of this evidence was obtained by wire tapping, and it is inadmissible in court.

More Important: Influence. Far more important than White's espionage activity was his influence on policy. White became the No. 1 brain at the command of Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau. Although he hated rich men, White used his old flattery plan on Morgenthau, would often tell him: "Let your instincts be your guide, Mr. Secretary; your instincts are usually pretty good." Morgenthau, who has 900 volumes of diaries about his Washington work, has steadfastly refused to talk about his late assistant.

With White constantly at Morgenthau's

all U.S. troops. This, of course, would have left Germany—and Europe—an easy prey to Communist domination.

After White wrote the plan, Morgenthau, bypassing the State and War Departments, took it to the Quebec Conference in September 1944. There, Morgenthau and White pushed through approval of the plan by Roosevelt and Churchill. White had taken pains to inform Lord Cherwell, Churchill's personal assistant, that British requests for U.S. funds would be greeted with much greater favor if Britain approved the White-Morgenthau plan. When the agreements were being initialed, F.D.R. suggested that Churchill initial the German one first and then an economic agreement that would lead to an additional loan to Great Britain. Asked Churchill: "What do you want me to do? Get on my hind legs and beg like Fala?"

At that time, hardly anyone on the Allied side wanted an easy peace for Germany. But when the details of White's Morgenthau plan leaked out, the plan was

widely condemned. The most important group in favor of the plan was the World Communist Party. F.D.R. soon abandoned it. Churchill, who had believed from the first that it would never become a reality, reported in the latest volume of his memoirs, with obvious satisfaction: "With my full accord, the idea of 'pastoralizing' Germany did not survive."

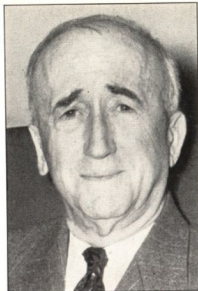
The Double Play. On one international policy question in 1945, White found himself playing one hand under the table and one above board. The Russians wanted to print, for use in Germany, occupation marks that would be identical to American occupation currency. Elizabeth Bentley testified that White turned a sample of the currency over to the Communist espionage ring. When that sample failed to serve their purpose, the Russians put pressure on to get the U.S. printing plates released to them officially. White did that too, and the Russians printed millions of occupation marks, some of which were redeemed in U.S. dollars.

From the day he went to the Treasury, Harry Dexter White stopped pushing and scheming for only about a year. That was after the Nazi-Soviet pact in 1939, when he seemed to lose interest in the big political picture. His normally intense, hard-driving division relaxed. Before, he had guarded his staff jealously; in that year he began to lend his economists to other agencies. He explained to one of his unoccupied staff that his group had nothing to do with defense work.

After some 15 months in the doldrums, Harry White swung back into action, and his years of greatest influence were the early 1940s. He kept on drawing plans until the day he left public service. A search through his papers at Princeton University (they were donated by his widow) last week showed that he had proposed 1) that the U.S. give Russia a \$10 billion postwar credit, and 2) that the U.S. conserve its raw-material resources for the next two generations and import from Russia to meet domestic needs. This combination of plans, of course, would have been of great help to Russia.

"I'm Leaving." From his post as Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, White moved on in 1946 to become U.S. director on the International Monetary Fund, at a tax-free \$17,500 a year. The current controversy centers around White's appointment by President Truman to that post. He held the job for eleven months, and then, one April morning, he announced to his startled boss, Belgian Financial Expert Camille Gutt: "I'll be out of here in an hour. I'm leaving." White cleared every scrap of paper out of his office, packed his goods in crates, and rode off in the truck that carried the crates. Eleven months later White was called to testify before the New York federal grand jury, which was investigating Communist infiltration. The jury did not indict him. That was 20 months before Chambers identified the pumpkin-paper memorandum in White's handwriting.

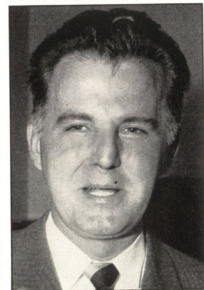
In August 1948, after he had been de-



GOVERNOR BYRNES
Contradiction from Carolina.

nounced publicly by Chambers and Elizabeth Bentley, White demanded and got an opportunity to testify before the House Un-American Activities Committee. He sparred magnificently and arrogantly with the committee, got applause from the spectators, all the while admitting that he had been a close friend of at least ten Government workers who had been named as spies. Three days later, at his farm in New Hampshire, White suddenly died of a heart attack. Liberals cried that he was a martyr and used his case as the supreme example of 'witch-hunting.'

There the case lay for five years, until Attorney General Brownell revived it with the charge that Harry Truman had



ASSOCIATED PRESS
COMMITTEE CHAIRMAN VELDE
Subpoenas from the hip.

known that White was a spy when he appointed him to the Monetary Fund. Truman blurted that he knew "nothing about" the FBI report that Brownell used as the basis of his charge. Then he said that "as soon as we found White was disloyal, we fired him." Three days later, a new witness entered the strange case of Harry Dexter White.

In a formal statement issued to the press, South Carolina's Governor James F. Byrnes, Secretary of State under President Truman, flatly contradicted his old boss. Byrnes said that while he was Secretary of State he had personally discussed the FBI report with Truman on Feb. 6, 1946, and that the President was familiar with it. A memorandum in State Department files confirmed Byrnes's memory. Having read the FBI report, Byrnes had urged Truman to withdraw his nomination of White for the Monetary Fund post. After a hurried check with the Senate, said Byrnes, Truman learned that White had been confirmed that afternoon. Byrnes had three solutions to offer: 1) have the Senate reconsider its action, 2) call in White, confront him with the FBI report and force him to withdraw, 3) refuse to commission him.

President Truman did none of these. At that time Harry Truman's popularity index in the Gallup poll was beginning to decline. The 1946 congressional elections were less than a year away. The Republicans were preparing to attack, and the left wing of Harry Truman's own party was doubtful about him. If Truman had withdrawn the White appointment, howls would have risen from the right and left. Whatever his motive, the President signed White's commission. When he quit, Truman and Treasury Secretary Snyder wrote him letters of praise that laid it on thick enough for Harry White's taste.

After Brownell's speech, Truman said that White was fired "as soon as we found out he was disloyal." When was that? The bulk of the information about White's spying was available to Truman in February 1946. Little new evidence against White was developed between that date and White's resignation 14 months later.

Action at Dawn. While Jimmy Byrnes's contradiction of Harry Truman was still echoing, Illinois' Republican Representative Harold H. Velde reeled into the controversy, firing subpoenas from the hip. At 5 o'clock one morning, after sitting up alone in his Pekin, Ill. home, Velde, with an eye on the headlines, issued subpoenas for Truman, Byrnes and Supreme Court Justice Tom C. Clark (who, said Brownell, also saw the FBI report at the time Truman saw it). Velde did not get approval of his Un-American Activities Committee for this action. Committee Counsel Robert Kunzig explained that the committee just "had to get into the act."

Velde's clumping entry "into the act" was the political boner of the week: it made a martyr out of Harry Truman, who, as ex-President of the U.S., should have been immune from such summary practices. For 48 tense hours, the high



PERLO



HISS



ULLMANN

Harris & Ewing; United Press; International
COE

A CAST OF CHARACTERS

IN sworn public testimony, Elizabeth Bentley and Whittaker Chambers named 37 U.S. Government employees "connected with the Soviet espionage organization." Since then, 17 of the 37 have refused under oath to say whether they were Communists or spies; six have not been called to testify to the charges made by Miss Bentley and by Chambers; one, Harold Ware, died in 1935, and 13—including Alger Hiss and William Remington, now in prison for their perjury—swore that the Bentley-Chambers accusations were false. Among the more interesting cases named by Bentley and/or Chambers:

Harold Glasser, 48, was brought into the Treasury Department by Harry Dexter White, moved from one key job to another, was a top adviser to State Secretary Marshall on the explosive Trieste issue at the 1947 meeting of the Council of Foreign Ministers in Moscow. Chambers named Glasser as the Soviet agent assigned to "control" White and make him turn over to the Communists "everything of importance that came into his hands." Glasser resigned from Treasury in December 1947, was recommended by Dean Acheson and Treasury Secretary John Snyder for a place as economist with the Council of Jewish Federations and Welfare Funds in New York. He left this job, after refusing to testify as to Communist espionage.

Alger Hiss, 49, went to Washington as secretary to Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, was an adviser to Franklin Roosevelt at Yalta, and was secretary of the Dumbarton Oaks and San Francisco Conferences which gave birth to the United Nations. Against this bright star of the New Deal, Whittaker Chambers made a shocking accusation: Hiss was a Communist. Hiss challenged Chambers to make his charges without immunity. Chambers did, and they were tested in court. Hiss is now in the federal penitentiary at Lewisburg, Pa.

Nathan Gregory Silvermaster, 54, was named by Miss Bentley as the head of the espionage group that included Harry Dexter White. Silvermaster resigned from the War Assets Ad-

ministration in November 1946. Last April he refused to answer 178 times to questions asked him by the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee. With William Ullmann as his business partner and housemate, Silvermaster now lives at Harvey Cedars, N.J., where he is a building contractor.

William Ludwig Ullmann, 45, also lived with Silvermaster in Washington when they were federal employees. In the basement of their home there, Ullmann kept elaborate photographic equipment. Given a Treasury job by Harry D. White, Ullmann later became an Army Air Forces major. Miss Bentley said Ullmann took and photographed war plans from the Pentagon. Ullmann used the Fifth Amendment to duck questions.

Virginus Frank Coe, 46, first cited by Chambers in 1939, was technical secretary of the Bretton Woods Monetary Conference in 1944, became secretary of Harry D. White's prize product, the International Monetary Fund, and was not dismissed from this \$20,000-a-year job until December 1952—shortly after he refused to answer congressional questions.

Victor Perlo, 41, was named by Miss Bentley as head of a Red cell in Washington in which she had worked. Perlo entered Government service under the NRA in 1933, later became an economic analyst for Treasury's division of Monetary Research. Perlo, who has invoked the Fifth Amendment, is now an economic consultant in New York City.

Lee Pressman, 47, was another of the able young men who swarmed to Washington in the first days of the New Deal. Former general counsel for the WPA and for the C.I.O., Pressman admitted in 1950 that he had been a Communist, but he denied charges of espionage.

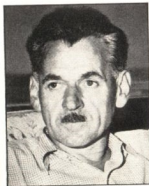
Nathan Witt, 50, was secretary of the National Labor Relations Board from 1937 to 1940, when important labor-management decisions were being made. Witt, named by Chambers as a member of the Communist cell organized by Harold Ware, invoked the Fifth Amendment. He is now a New York lawyer.



PRESSMAN



WITT

United Press; Philadelphia Inquirer—International; Associated Press
SILVERMASTER

GLASSER

command of the Republican National Committee put pressure on Velde to withdraw the subpoenas. Finally, Truman, Clark and Byrnes all refused to honor the subpoenas,* on the ground that the committee had no right to demand that they testify. (Byrnes's specific reason was that the committee had no right to summon a governor from his duties, though he added that he would be ready to testify in South Carolina. Truman and Clark based their refusals on the argument that the subpoena constituted interference by the legislative with the executive and judicial branches of the Government.) Velde agreed that he would not try to force them to testify, and moved off the stage.

Before the week was out, the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, headed by Indiana's Senator William Jenner, had the ball. That was where the G.O.P. wanted the ball to be. The committee called two witnesses: General Harry Vaughan, formerly Truman's military aide, and Theron Lamar Caudle, onetime Assistant Attorney General. But their appearance was anticlimactic. Neither one added anything to the stories they had told reporters earlier (TIME, Nov. 16). Even "Sweet Thing" Caudle didn't provide a good quote for the press.

At the White House, Dwight Eisenhower tried to stay above the brawl, but reporters did their best to get him into it. At his news conference, the President said Brownell had come to see him a few days before the White charge was made. He had never met White† and knew nothing

about him, the President said, but he told Brownell to do his duty as he saw it. In answer to a question, he said he thought it inconceivable that Harry Truman knowingly did anything to damage this country. He added that he did not think Brownell had charged that Truman actually saw the FBI report. President Eisenhower's answers showed that he was not so well-informed on the case as he might have been.

Remakers of the World. The spies-in-government story won't lie down, won't go away. Harry White was not a freak; what he did was more or less repeated by a dozen or more other important men in the Roosevelt and Truman Administrations. Probably not one of them ever said to himself: "Now I am a spy," or "Now I am a traitor." That is not the pattern of 20th century treason.

The road to the political calamities of



THE LATE FRED VINSON
A conclusion was reached.

this era has been paved solid by good intentions, and traveled by men who wanted to help the world. They wanted to remake it. That can be a generous thought; but it can also be a supremely greedy and arrogant thought. A man who thinks that he is moving the nations can get the idea that law, rules, morals and loyalty do not apply to him.

Harry Dexter White got that idea. It destroyed him, and it cost his country dear.

"I Have Been Accused"

All week long the Harry Dexter White scandal burst over the head of Harry Truman. At first the former President reacted as though he had been startled. In a single day, he took two conflicting positions. The first was that he knew nothing about the FBI reports on White, but had fired White as soon as he found out he was disloyal. When Eisenhower's press secre-

tary made public a laudatory letter from Truman accepting White's resignation, the former President took Position No. 2: White was "fired by resignation" (TIME, Nov. 16).

On his return to Kansas City at week's end, Harry Truman promised to answer "all the questions that can be answered" in a nationwide radio and TV broadcast. This week, as the nation tuned in, Truman offered a third explanation of what happened. It was not consistent with either of the first two.

The Big Speech. The former President was fighting mad. "I have been accused," he said, "in effect, of knowingly betraying the security of the U.S. This charge is, of course, a falsehood. And the man who made it had every reason to know it is a falsehood." Truman recalled an FBI report to the White House. "The report contained many names . . . concerning whom there were then unverified accusations. Among the names mentioned, I now find, was that of Harry Dexter White . . . As best I can now determine, I first learned of the accusation . . . early in February 1946, when an FBI report specifically discussing activities of Harry Dexter White was brought to my attention . . . This report showed that serious accusations had been made against White, but it pointed out that it would be practically impossible to prove those charges with the evidence then at hand . . . His appointment had been sent to the Senate . . . and it was confirmed on Feb. 6th . . . In this situation, I requested Secretary Vinson to consult with the appropriate officials . . . and come back to me with recommendations."

The Meeting. "Secretary of the Treasury Vinson consulted with Attorney General Tom Clark and other government officials . . . The conclusion was reached that the appointment should be allowed to take its normal course. The final responsibility for that decision was, of course, mine. The reason for the decision was that the charges which had been made to the FBI against Mr. White also involved many other persons . . . Any unusual action with respect to Mr. White's appointment might well have alerted all the persons involved to the fact that an investigation was under way, and thus endanger the success of the investigation . . ."

"Mr. White, in April 1947, resigned his office, referring to reasons of health. Although my recent off-hand comment concerning his resignation was in error, the fact is that he was separated from the Government service promptly when the necessity for secrecy . . . came to an end."

"Demagoguery." With this explanation, Truman launched into an all-out attack against his accuser. "This is shameful demagoguery. It is worse than that. Herbert Brownell Jr. . . has degraded the highest function of government—the administration of justice—into cheap political trickery . . . He has deceived his chief as to what he proposed to do . . . He lied to the American people. In backing away from his charge with [a] measly-

* No ex-President has ever been subpoenaed before. Two court subpoenas were issued to President Thomas Jefferson in 1807 by Chief Justice John Marshall in the treason proceedings against Aaron Burr. Jefferson refused on both the grounds that no court could force him to "abandon superior duties," and because of "the necessary right of the President to decide . . . what papers . . . the public interests permit to be communicated." At least 16 Presidents, among them Washington, Coolidge and Hoover, have declined to supply Congress with certain requested information.

Harry Truman, in rejecting the subpoena, extended this principle to ex-Presidents, saying: "The doctrine [of separation of powers] would be shattered . . . if [the President] would feel during his term of office that his every act might be subject to official inquiry and possible distortion for political purposes." Some constitutional lawyers doubted that Truman, as a private citizen, had a right to reject the subpoena without hearing what questions the committee wanted to ask. They said that he 1) would not have to answer questions relating to state secrets, but 2) would have to answer questions bearing on any charge of malfeasance or crimes that might be made against him. They divided on the middle ground of questions about his routine presidential acts. Some said he would have the same protection as if he were still President; others said no.

† Obviously Mr. Eisenhower does not remember all the Americans who lunched at his table in Europe during World War II. Secretary Morgenthau and White lunched with him at his mess tent in southern England on Aug. 7, 1944. Morgenthau and White, then considering the post-war treatment of Germany, were pleased that Eisenhower favored a stern peace. Later, however, Eisenhower firmly opposed the Morgenthau plan.

mouthed statement . . . he lied to the American people again . . .

"In Communist countries," Harry Truman concluded, "it is the practice when a new government comes to power to accuse the outgoing officials of treason, to frame public trials for them, and to degrade and prosecute the key officials of the previous government. That is the way of the Communists, whose only god is power . . . It is not the way Americans behave."

Nowhere in his speech did Truman say that he now believed that White or any other of the accused had in fact been disloyal or a spy.

The Record

Harry Truman used strong words in his radio and television speech. But he spoke in the face of a strong record that did not support his case. This is the record:

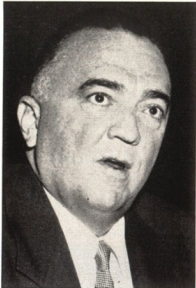
The first warning that Harry Dexter White and other Government employees were assisting a Communist espionage ring was sent to the White House on Nov. 8, 1945 by FBI Chief J. Edgar Hoover. Marked "top secret," the report was sent by special messenger to Brigadier General Harry Hawkins Vaughan.

The Alert. In his opening sentence, FBI Chief Hoover used language designed to arouse the attention of even the busiest Government official. He began: "As a result of the bureau's investigative operations, information has been obtained that a number of persons employed by the Government of the U.S. have been furnishing data and information to persons outside the Federal Government who are in turn transmitting this information to agents of the Soviet government."

Hoover went on to say that the FBI was not yet certain about "the degree and nature of the complicity of these people in the espionage ring," but it was sure that they were serving as sources. He named 14 Government employees. Among them: White, Nathan Gregory Silvermaster, George Silverman, Victor Perlo, William Ludwig Ullmann.

There were sharp specifics about the ring's operations. Said Hoover: "The Government documents were forwarded to Gregory Silvermaster, who photographed them and turned the exposed but undeveloped film over to a contact of the Soviet . . . In the past, it is reported, the contact man made trips to Washington, D.C. once every two weeks, and would pick up on each occasion an average of 40 rolls of 35-mm. film." He concluded his letter: "An investigation of this matter is being pushed vigorously, but I thought the President and you [Vaughan] would be interested in the foregoing information immediately."

The Clincher. On Dec. 4, 1945, a second FBI report went to the White House. It contained further details and named more spies. A third report, concentrating on White with still more detail, was sent to the White House on Feb. 4, 1946. In his letter accompanying that report, Hoover observed that both Truman and Vaughan had "expressed interest" in the



FBI CHIEF HOOVER
Associated Press
Evidence from the files.

subject, indicating that the earlier reports had been noticed and considered.

While FBI reports normally do not reach conclusions, but only give facts, the third report contained an unusually strong statement: "This information has been received from numerous confidential sources whose reliability has been established by inquiry or by long observation. In no instance is any transaction or event related where the reliability of the information or the source is questionable."

Far from supporting Truman's new defense that the Administration left the spies in office in an effort to trap them, the Hoover letter says that a special report was made on White because his con-



UNITED PRESS
ATTORNEY GENERAL BROWNELL
Rebuttal from Kansas City.

firmation was pending before the Senate. If Hoover had wanted to have White in the Government to get more evidence, he would hardly have stressed the fact that White was about to get a new and better Government job.

Hoover left no doubt that he considered his factual case complete. His letter said: "This whole network has been under intensive investigation since November 1945, and it is the results of these efforts that I am able to make available to you."

With such reports at hand, four alternatives would normally suggest themselves: 1) bring charges against the Government employees, 2) fire them, 3) try to trap them, or 4) place them in positions where they would no longer have access to strategic information or influence on policy. There is no record that any of these steps were taken. White and others named in the reports retained access to secrets. None of them were trapped by actions after 1946. The case against them today is substantially what Hoover presented in the three reports.

NEW YORK

Out of Harness

Boss of Long Island's rock-ribbed Republican Nassau County (pop. 672,765), is J. Russel Sprague, old friend and crafty political lieutenant of New York's Governor Thomas E. Dewey. Last week Sprague, under fire for his ownership of \$500,000 worth of stock (which cost him, in effect, \$24,000) in the scandal-ridden Yonkers Raceway, resigned as New York's Republican national committeeman.

Sprague managed Dewey's unsuccessful bid for the presidential nomination in 1940. During the 18 years he has bossed Nassau County, Sprague has deftly built up big Republican pluralities in his mushrooming suburban duchy.

When investigations of New York's brisk harness-racing industry developed evidence of payroll extortion and management payoffs to labor bosses and gambling racketeers, Sprague's name often popped up. He had owned a big slice of the Nassau Trotting Association, which operated Roosevelt Raceway. In 1946 he sold the stock for a tidy profit. Later, he bought 4,000 shares of stock (then worth \$20 a share) in Westchester County's Yonkers Raceway, paying for them on the installment plan, mostly out of their own dividends.

In his letter of resignation to State Chairman Dean Taylor, Lawyer Sprague said he would stay on as Nassau County boss, but explained, "It would be foolish and unrealistic of me to ignore the fact that there has been criticism of me . . . In all these years, I have never had any part in the management or direction of any race track . . . Nevertheless, I am conscious that I do not have the power to lay this record before every voter throughout . . . the land so that uninformed criticism might have no adverse effect on the fortunes of the party and the nation."

TRAFFIC

Big Brother Is Driving

There was of course no way of knowing whether you were being watched at any given moment . . . It was even conceivable that they watched everybody all the time.

—George Orwell's *Nineteen Eighty-Four*

On highways and back roads across the U.S., Canada and Bermuda last week, motorists who took chances with the speed limits were encountering a new operational hazard. It swooped down on them with the swiftness of a hawk and was, oftentimes, as invisible as the Thought Police in Orwell's chiller. The unwitting speed demon saw no police car in his rear-view mirror. But his speed was clocked, just the same, and soon a patrolman was waiting to arrest him.

The unseen traffic cop is a radar meter. Of several brands the most commonly used is a 40-lb. aluminum-sheathed box with two sets of antennas and a price tag of \$1,100.* It fits snugly into the rear of a prowler car. As a speeding car approaches, the meter's transmitting antenna sends out high-frequency radio waves that bounce off the car, change frequency and are picked up by the receiving antenna. The difference between the two frequencies tells the speed accurately (within 2 m.p.h.). (In a group of cars, the meter picks out the one that is going fastest.) At the same time, a graphic recorder sets down the speed over a distance of 150 feet in red ink. The operating officers telephone a description of the speeding car to a highway patrol station just ahead, and the trap is sprung.

In 42 states, where radar meters are now being used, there was no argument as to their effectiveness. Judges and juries have found that the meters are competent witnesses and entirely legal. But there was a great deal of argument over the ethics of using the unseen screen.

¶ In Madison, Wis., the director of the state branch of the American Automobile Association publicly denounced the meters as an affront to law-abiding drivers.

¶ In Rochester, motorists who put tin foil or steel marbles in their hubcaps in an unsuccessful effort to foul the detectors were charged with attempting to obstruct justice as well as with speeding.†

¶ In Manchester, Conn., the Chamber of Commerce and auto dealers protested bitterly to the chief of police because he was enforcing speed laws entirely by radar, and wary drivers were detouring around the town, taking their business with them.

* Not to be confused with an electrically operated speed meter, which is actuated by rubber contacts stretched over a highway at intervals of 88 feet. When a vehicle crosses the contacts at a speed greater than that set on the meter, its speed is registered on the instrument.

† The only effective way of foiling the meters is by installing a transmitter in the automobile to jam the radar. But transmitters cost as much as \$3,500 and require special FCC operating permits.

Despite the sound & fury, the radar meter was doing good work. Police were unanimous in praising the device. In Gary, Ind., traffic deaths have been cut from 39 by mid-November in 1952 to 17 this year—and police give radar meters full credit. "It's cut down the deaths tremendously," reported Colonel T. B. Birdson, Mississippi's Commissioner of Public Safety. "On the stretch between Clarksdale and the Tennessee state line, it's resulted in a 70% reduction of the death rate."

ELECTIONS

Held in Ranks

Republicans over the nation had just about given up the special election in California's 24th Congressional District, a jig-sawed piece of Los Angeles County. The district usually votes Republican, but



WINNER LIPSCOMB
The breach was repaired.

two members of that party were running, and each was expected to get about half the G.O.P. vote.

Glennard Paul Lipscomb, endorsed by his local party organization, was backed by Vice President Richard Nixon and California's new Governor Goodwin Knight. The other Republican, John L. Collier, was the candidate of the opposing faction (followers of ex-Governor Earl Warren, now U.S. Chief Justice, and Senator William Knowland). The Democratic candidate was George Arnold, 32-year-old son of Trustbuster Thurman Arnold and a son-in-law of Columnist Drew Pearson.

Still smarting from their defeat in New Jersey's Sixth Congressional District, national G.O.P. leaders were afraid that Arnold would get more votes than either Lipscomb or Collier. More and more local Republicans recognized the need to get behind one candidate. They went all-out for Nixon's man, Lipscomb, with an effectiveness that Senator Knowland re-

flected when, four days before the election, he, too, issued an endorsement of Lipscomb. The 24th District stayed Republican after all. The vote: Lipscomb 42,880, Arnold 34,545, Collier 3,616.

THE ADMINISTRATION

The Wayward Foot

Defense Secretary Charles E. Wilson, butt of many a Washington wisecrack (e.g., "He should learn to keep a civil foot in his mouth"), showed last week that he has enough sense of humor to see a joke about himself. In a speech to the National Press Club, the former General Motors president told of a U.S. Senator who needed a new car. The Senator consulted a General Motors executive, who suggested getting a car with an automatic transmission. Said the Senator: "Well, maybe that would be all right, but when there is no clutch pedal, where do I put my left foot?" Replied the General Motors executive: "Put it in your mouth like my former boss does."

THE ATOM

What Price Survival?

Should the U.S. build up an elaborate and expensive system of defense against atomic-thermonuclear attack, or can it rely on retaliatory striking power to deter attack? Last week two of the nation's most respected atomic scientists argued that deterrent power is necessary but not sufficient.

Speaking in Buffalo, Dr. Ralph E. Lapp, director of the Nuclear Science Service, blasted the deterrent theory as a doctrine of "peace through mutual terror." Instead of assuring peace, said Lapp, possession of retaliatory atomic-thermonuclear weapons by both sides will create an "utterly unstable" situation in which one side or the other might attempt to strike a devastating first blow. Therefore, the nation needs both "sword and shield." An effective defense system against atomic-thermonuclear attack is possible, Lapp insisted, "if we really give our scientists their heads." But would the U.S. public be willing to pay for the costly defense measures the scientists might devise? Yes, said Lapp, if the Administration would tell the people the hair-raising facts—such facts as that it is now entirely feasible to make a thermonuclear bomb 500 times as powerful as the A-bomb dropped on Nagasaki in 1945.

Writing in the current *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists*, Dr. Frederick Seitz, physics professor at the University of Illinois, maintains that "the current controversy on the issue of defense versus offensive weapons . . . originates in an unwillingness to admit that both are essential," and that the unwillingness stems from "false notions [about] the relative values of things at stake." Expenditures for "adequate offense and defense," Seitz admits, would entail expansion of the national debt, further inflation and sacrifice of some luxuries. But defeat by the Soviet

Union would bring economic disintegration, famine, and the postwar liquidation of millions who survived the bombs.

Both to help deter aggression and to help avert defeat, Seitz calls for "a defensive net." But he warns that the nation must also be ready to strike with "the most fearsome of our weapons." In discussing the morality of employing atomic or thermonuclear weapons, Seitz indulges in none of the hand-wringing that scientists often display in the pages of the *Bulletin*. It would be immoral, he says, "not to restrain Soviet aggression by any means which will be effective."

SEQUELS

Wow!

Lee Kyung Soo finally made it. Last week the tiny Korean war wail and his guardian, Chief Boatwain's Mate Vincent T. Paladino, arrived in the U.S. after being turned back once because Lee lacked a proper entry permit (*TIME*, Nov. 2). With a big assist from the Navy, the four-year-old Lee and Chief Paladino went back to Tokyo, got a valid visa and made the trans-Pacific flight once more. In Hawaii, before winging on to his new home, Lee was welcomed with a jar of *kimchi* (Korean pickled cabbage), which he ate, and a pair of cowboy six-shooters, which he quickly buckled on. Lee responded with one of his few English words: "Wow!"

Nix

Last spring Secretary of Commerce Sinclair Weeks questioned the objectivity of a National Bureau of Standards' investigation that found the battery additive, AD-X₂, worthless, and forced the resignation of Dr. Allen V. Astin, the bureau's director (*TIME*, April 27; July 6). In the subsequent hullabaloo, a committee of ten well-known scientists was assigned to investigate the battery dope, and Weeks reinstated Astin "temporarily." (He later made the reinstatement permanent.) Last week the committee's report was made public: 1) the quality of the bureau's investigation under Dr. Astin was "excellent," and 2) AD-X₂ is "without merit."

THE PRESIDENCY

State Visit

At Rouses Point, on the U.S.-Canadian border, the twelve-car train jerked to a stop, and three Canadian cars, loaded with officials, were spliced into its middle. A small crowd of Canadians and Americans, bundled in overcoats and Mackinaws, stamped their feet and waited along the siding until a sleepy-eyed man in blue pajamas and a maroon dressing gown appeared on the rear platform. He ran a hand through his sparse hair and grinned. "Hi, there," said Ike Eisenhower. "I'm sorry I'm not dressed." He shivered a minute in the near-freezing cold, glanced at the scarlet-coated Canadian Royal Mounted Policeman who had just taken his post by the door. Then, with a friendly

wave to the crowd, he retreated to the warmth of his private car. A few moments later the presidential train crossed the border and President Eisenhower began his two-day state visit to the Dominion.

In Ottawa, a few hours later, Ike and Mamie stepped out onto a freshly whisked crimson carpet in Union Station and shook hands with the welcoming delegation, headed by Governor General Vincent Massey and Prime Minister Louis St. Laurent.

"Hey, Hey." Outside the station Ike was greeted by a 21-gun salute, another blast of frigid air, and a warmly friendly reception. In Confederation Square, 50,000 Canadians started a polite, gloved pitter-patter of applause, with an occasional, highly proper cry of "hey, hey" (cheering is considered improper in austere Ottawa). After he placed a wreath of

His hesitant opening remarks completely surprised and delighted the *Quebécois* M.P.s, and touched off a great burst of applause. "*Mes salutations s'adressent également à mes amis Canadiens qui parlent Français*," said Ike. "*Je sais que je fais preuve d'une grande témérité en essayant de m'exprimer, si peu soit-il, dans cette langue.*"

Afterward, Ike mopped his brow, grinned, then grew serious. "You of Canada and we of the United States can and will devise ways to protect our North America from any surprise attack by air. And we shall achieve the defense of our continent without whittling our pledges to Western Europe or forgetting our friends in the Pacific." The latest Soviet communiqué to the West, he noted soberly, "is truculent, if not arrogant, in tone. Our security plans must now take into



Marge Shackleton—Capital Press Service
GOOD NEIGHBORS EISENHOWER, MASSEY, ST. LAURENT
Shivers at the border, a warm pitter-patter at the Cenotaph.

red carnations and white chrysanthemums on the Cenotaph, Canada's war memorial, Ike joined Mamie and the Governor General in an open Cadillac, tucked a lap robe around their knees and rode off through the city to Rideau Hall, the Governor General's official residence.

That afternoon, after a brief rest and luncheon preceded by a prim round of sherry, Ike and Mamie emerged from the forbidding mansion to plant two ceremonial maple trees on the frozen lawn. That night, at a glittering, full-dress state dinner, the President was toasted and in turn proposed the toast to the Queen. The President wore the British Order of Merit, awarded him by the late King George VI.

Thump, Thump. The next day was Mamie's 57th birthday, and the carillon in Peace Tower tinkled out *Dixie* and *Yankee Doodle* as she drove to Parliament House. In the oak-paneled, green-carpeted House of Commons, the President addressed a joint session of Parliament.

account Soviet ability to employ atomic attack on North America . . . We must be ready and prepared. The threat is present." Throughout the speech, Ike was interrupted periodically by applause and the traditional desk thumping.

That night, after a busy afternoon—meetings with Cabinet ministers, lunch with St. Laurent, and a second big dinner at the U.S. embassy—the distinguished Americans boarded their train for the homeward trip. In the station there were cries of "We like Ike" and "We want Mamie." As the train started to pull out, the First Lady stepped out on the platform, flanked by two Mounties. Until the train was nearly out of the station, she stayed there, blowing kisses, waving and calling "goodbye."

* "I include in my salutation Canadian friends who speak the French language, although I'm more than bold to attempt even this slight venture into the speaking of that tongue."

LAS VEGAS: "IT JUST COULDN'T HAPPEN"

\$200 Million Bonanza in Glitter Gulch, Paradise A and Paradise B

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR TIME BY JACK BIRNS AND ERNIE STOUT

THIS is the most fabulous place in the world," sighed Marlene Dietrich. "Anywhere else—*pouf*, I would not go. But this is different. Las Vegas is the only gay place left in the world. This is how Paris used to be before the war." Marlene, 48, was preparing for a three-week engagement at the Sahara Hotel in Las Vegas next month, for the record-breaking stipend of \$90,000. Her opening night has been set for Dec. 15, an arrangement that thriftily divides her paydays into two tax years.

With such a happy holiday season ahead, it is not hard to understand Marlene's extravagant regard for the Nevada boom town. A great many other Americans seem to agree with her. By the end of 1953, 8,000,000 tourists will have visited Las Vegas, gaped at the sights, risked nearly a billion dollars gambling, and moved on. Behind them they will leave some \$200 million, a quarter of it in slot machines and on gaming tables. From every statistical point of view, it will be a record-breaking year. But then, it is always a record-breaking year in Las Vegas, or at least it has been for the past eight years.

Weekend Stampede. In 1940 Las Vegas was a scraggly tank town with a tumbleweed economy. But Las Vegas' happy proximity to Southern California and Nevada's benign climate for gambling combined to change all that. By 1953 the population had climbed from 8,400 to 43,000, and business had soared into the financial ionosphere.

In the center of town, "Glitter Gulch," the greatest concentration of inert gas in the world, now casts a neon glow for 30 miles into the desert. Along Highway 91, on which the Californians stampede into Vegas in their Cadillacs at the rate of 20,000 each weekend, lies the Strip, a celebrated three-mile stretch of real estate bounded by seven enormous, luxury hotels. The Strip represents a capital investment of \$40 million, and is incorporated (in order to escape municipal taxes) as two townships. Their names: Paradise A and Paradise B.

In Glitter Gulch, the approach to the tourist is straightforward. The Golden Nugget, a large gambling house in the heart of the Gulch, is the richest vein in the big rock candy mountain of Las Vegas. It offers no entertainment, just a multitude of ways to gamble, from wheels of fortune and penny slots to big-time poker games in the back rooms. In Paradise (A or B), the atmosphere is more subtle: air conditioning, deckle-edged swimming pools (with extravagant poolside displays of bathing beauties), fine food at fair prices, top entertainment, well-irrigated golf courses. But all are mere Srippteasers. In Paradise (A or B) as in the Gulch, gambling is the main dish.

Behind the flashy façades of the big hotels along the Strip is a lugubrious lot of wealthy owners. Some are

thoroughly respectable, but some are not. The Desert Inn is run by amiable Wilbur Clark, a hotelman with a large following, in partnership with a syndicate of erstwhile Cleveland racketeers. The luxurious Sands, scene of the recent Hayworth-Haymes extravaganza (TIME, Oct. 5), is owned by tiny, wizened Jake Friedman, who made his stake operating gambling casinos in Texas. The sprawling Flamingo was built by the late Bugsy Siegel before

Bugsy met his untimely, slug-ridden end in Hollywood.

Explains Robbins' Cahill, executive secretary of Nevada's tax commission: "You can't license a perfume salesman to handle a million-dollar-a-month casino, because he'd be in trouble by the end of the first day and then it would be the public would get the shaft as he tried to make up his losses. We've learned that the oldtime gambler will run a cleaner place, give the public the best breaks and have fewer hoodlums hanging around, than the amateur."

Dancing Goats. In the past three years Las Vegas has become such a glittering entertainment center that *Variety* now finds it necessary to keep a full-time correspondent in residence. On any night, the Strip offers the tourist such big names as Danny Kaye, Lauritz Melchior, Betty Hutton, Ezio Pinza, Milton Berle and the Jose Greco Dancers. The stars, of course, are just an added attraction, gold-horned Judas goats who lure the herds of tourists to the gaming tables. "We're just the highest-paid shills in history," says Tallulah Bankhead. "Why do we do it? Dahling, for the loot, of course."

Slot machines are far & away the most popular and lucrative form of Vegas gambling. There are 3,141 of them in the area. The other favorites, in order: craps, roulette, 21 (blackjack), bingo and poker. The town has its stories of huge winnings and losses, but individual winnings are restricted by house limits on betting, and nobody ever breaks the bank (the big houses keep week-end reserves of \$500,000 and more). Marathon players are commonplace (the local endurance record: 72 hours), and they get breakfast on the house—and lunch and dinner, too, if they are durable.

Beyond the gaudy city limits the desert closes in, and beyond the funeral mountains in the distance lie the ghosts of boom towns past—Virginia City, Goldfield, Bullfrog and the others. Now & then the dice dance nervously and the windows jitter from the effects of a pre-dawn atomic blast at the AEC's test center 70 miles away. But there is no uneasiness, no sense of doom in Las Vegas even when mushroom clouds are rising beyond the horizon. Says a native Vegan: "It just couldn't happen. This is just the beginning. Why, in 1960 we'll have a population of 75,000. The Lord knows how things will go after that."



United Press

MARLENE DIETRICH
On to a big rock candy mountain.



th heated water.
urious Flamingo

Hotel in Las Vegas. Here vacationers relax
in desert sun between bouts at gaming tables.



NO WONDER...

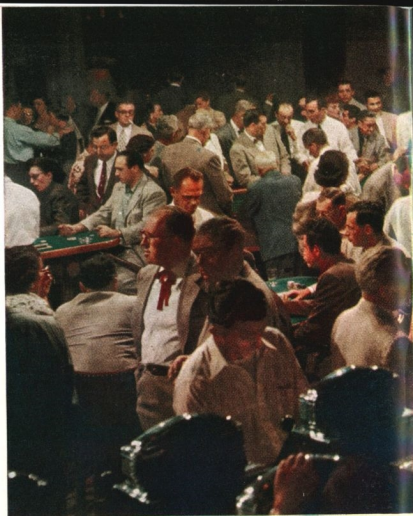


"GLITTER GULCH," along Fremont Street
in downtown Las Vegas, blazes from dusk to

dawn with neon signs of gambling halls, sa-
loons and shops competing for tourist trade.



BLACKJACK PLAYERS, placing their chips at casino table, bet against professional dealer.



DETERMINED CUSTOMER takes on a "one-armed bandit," complete with six-shooter handle.





SATURDAY-NIGHT CROWD, some in shirtsleeves and some in evening dress, follow casino's invitation to "come as you are."



SLOT MACHINES, in long batteries at downtown gambling parlors, are haunted at 4 a.m. by players still trying for jackpots.

TENSE BETTORS, gathered around crap table at Sands Hotel casino, follow roll of dice thrown by woman player standing at center.



DAZZLING LIGHTS AND MIRRORS TEMPT CUSTOMERS TO SLOT-MACHINE AND BINGO PARLORS, OPEN 24 HOURS A DAY

FOREIGN NEWS

ASIA

Towards Disenchantment

India is the most important of our neighbors. We must know India better.

—Mao Tse-tung

India, the most populous nation outside the Iron Curtain, has leaned so far backwards not being anti-Communist that she often appears to be pro. This, despite the Western trend of her economy, her parliamentary democracy, her British legal and military tradition, and her own good reasons to fear the rising might of Communist China. "We propose to keep on the closest terms with other countries," Jawaharlal Nehru insists, "unless they themselves create difficulties."

Last week, at last, there were sharp indications that India might be edging towards disenchantment with Communism and Red China, even if this did not mean relaxation of her "neutrality." The reasons: first-hand experience of Communist oppression and inhumanity in Korea's prisoner-of-war explanations, and mounting concern at Red China's troop concentrations, banditry and infiltration along India's 2,000-mile northern frontier.

"A Pit of Snakes." When the Indians first went to Korea, they were sure that the U.N. was holding the anti-Communist P.W.s under duress, that the U.N.—not the Communists—was menacing the peace. They told the P.W.s at once that they would protect the P.W.s "right to be repatriated" (not the right to non-repatriation). When the first explanations bogged down, Indian newspapers automatically blamed the U.N. "The U.N. command has actually obstructed the neutrals' work," said the *National Herald* of Lucknow, which is run by one of Nehru's favorite editors. "The U.N. side has not played fair," cried the *Hindustan Standard*. "It has allowed prisoners to be influenced and indoctrinated."

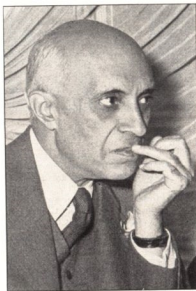
But when the P.W.s fought the celebrated battle for Asia's mind in the explanation tents (*TIME*, Oct. 26 *et seq.*), the Indians who were there heard the P.W.s, proud and passionate men like themselves, bitterly denounce Communism and forsake their homes rather than live with it; they heard the lies and sly half-truths of the Communist explainers. They were hurt, then angry, as the Communists snarled at them in defeat, and accused the Indian command of double-dealing: they were grim when the Communists put the P.W.s through hour-long inquisitions, and were ready to screen the P.W.s themselves rather than tolerate any more of such violence. "It is inhuman!" snapped India's Lieut. General K. S. Thimayya. "We have placed our foot into a pit of snakes," said one of his officers.

That news got back to India. "Prisoners refused to come out," reported the *Hindustan Times*, "preferring even to be shot instead." And the *Indian Express* had

this to say about the stalled Korean Peace Conference: "The Communist attitude strikes one as not only obstructionist and unreasonable, but also full of dangerous potentialities."

Icy Winds. Last week Jawaharlal Nehru observed his 64th birthday, rising as usual at 5 a.m. for an hour's yoga exercises, including standing on his head. Then he went to the National Stadium, where 50,000 schoolchildren shouted birthday greetings to *Chacha* (Uncle) Nehru. He gave no indication that he felt the chill winds from the north. Yet if he did not recognize them, or chose not to speak of them, there were some Indians who did.

Along the Indian-Chinese frontier, the



Interpress

JAWAHARLAL NEHRU
Chacha ignored the chill in the wind.

longest frontier in the world between oppression and a democracy, Communist infiltrators are burrowing into the border states of Nepal, Bhutan and Sikkim—which lie upon India's side of the great Himalayan battlement (*see below*). From this frontier, where ice-winds howl and lichen creeps around the tall mountains, an Indian Army Mission reported: "Long considered impregnable . . . the frontier . . . [is] now looked upon as a possible route of infiltration, if not of invasion."

Battle for the Himalayas

We have had from time immemorial a magnificent frontier—the Himalayas. It is not quite so difficult a frontier as it used to be; still it is very difficult . . . We are not going to tolerate any person coming over . . .

—Jawaharlal Nehru

The New Delhi communiqué was brief and noncommittal. Red China and India would meet in Peking next month, at In-

dia's request, to discuss "outstanding matters in regard to Tibet." There was nothing in the wording to show Indians themselves that Prime Minister Nehru had grave complaints to lay at his neighbor's door. Among them:

¶ Armed Red Chinese squads are striking across India's northeast frontier into Assam, pillaging isolated villages, raping women and seizing livestock. On at least two occasions, the Chinese invaders fought pitched battles against Indian border guards before withdrawing.

¶ Red Chinese thugs are waylaying and robbing Hindu pilgrims on the way to the headwaters of the sacred river Ganges, at Gangotri, on India's northern border.

¶ Mao Tse-tung's warlords are grabbing the bulk of India's trade with Tibet, beating, murdering and exacting protection money from Indian merchants who try to compete.

¶ Communist agents from Red China are infiltrating India itself. Indian troops have caught 300 in the past year. Some said they were deserters from the Chinese army. Others, disguised as lamas, beggars and traders, were riding bravely into India on the Tibetan caravans. Red Chinese troops cross regularly into Nepal, Bhutan and Sikkim, cutting timber, surveying the passes, making contact with local Communists.

The Infiltrators. This relentless and growing infiltration of the border states now constitutes a military threat to India's hard-won freedom. The border states will not let Indian troops come in to guard their passes, and neither their own forces nor the mountains can keep the infiltrators away. Furthermore, the terrain is perfectly suited for guerrilla warfare, with deep-cut gorges and forests to hide the guerrillas, and hillside villages which can serve as listening posts, strong-points, and arms depots.

Already, Nepal has a strong and fast-expanding Communist movement, which somehow gets plenty of arms and ammunition through the Himalayan defiles. Communist guerrillas launch periodic forays against Nepalese troops and government depots, and have twice tried to blast their way to power in bold but premature uprisings. Bhutan, which lies a full nine days' mule trek from the nearest Indian trading post, is heavily infiltrated by Red Chinese regulars who patrol across the border at will. And in Sikkim, a resident wrote to the *London Spectator*, "It will be only a matter of time before [the Chinese] start a movement for incorporation with Tibet."

This "movement" is the political threat to India. The border peoples—the lean-shanked Nagas, the scrappy Gurkhas, the gentle aboriginal Lepchas—are closer in racial appearance to Tibet than to India; they do not like Indians at all, and might well respond to sly Communist demands for "independence."

Moreover, China never ratified the

1913 Simla Convention, which roughly established the Himalayan mountain range as the Tibetan frontier and awarded "the southern watershed" to India and the border states. Red China's new school maps show much of India's borderland as Chinese territory.

The Preparations. In the three years since Red China swept into Tibet, it has transformed the ancient Forbidden Land into a stronghold; its "liberation army" now numbers an estimated 60,000 men. Since the Korean armistice, the Chinese have moved reinforcements south towards Tibet and India.

Some 4,000 troops of the Eighteenth Red Army line the vital Chumbi Valley between Bhutan and Sikkim. They are quartered in twelve barracks, and up to 50 new barracks are being constructed. To the west, Chinese garrisons at Gartok, trade center of western Tibet, and six other strategic locations threaten the Indians in Kashmir.

The Chinese are building all-weather, heavy-traffic roads across the mountains, linking their garrisons; they are opening Lhasa, the Forbidden City, to China proper and to Russia. Peking newspapers now reach Lhasa in ten days; before Mao they took several months. One 1,400-mile road starts from Sinkiang, at the edge of Russia, and curves through Tibet parallel to the Indian frontier (see map). From this strategic cord, side roads will point toward every major pass of the Himalayan mountains. The Chinese Communists are also laying down airfields in western Tibet, using Russian engineers and Russian equipment on all these projects.

The Defenders. For the record, India is not alarmed by the Communist threat. "We are delighted," says the External Affairs Ministry, "to see our backward neighbor making so much progress." Nehru has told the Indian army not to fortify the frontier itself, so as not to provoke the Chinese. "His bloody rotten for us that the British never feared any danger from Tibet," one Indian officer grumbled last week. "They would have fortified all the passes and we could just move in and make tea. As it is now, if we even build a blockhouse on the border. Mr. Lung [meaning the Chinese] would think we were showing bad intentions." The officer pointed down the slope of the Himalayas. "That is why," he said, "we have to stay back there."

But Nehru is perfectly willing to organize the defense of India "back there"—an hour or so from the border. He gives the Indian army remarkable autonomy in such "military matters." When Lieut. General Thimayya was in command in Kashmir, for example, he dynamited every border pass within reach without bothering to check with Nehru. And "back there" today, India's generals are quietly mustering the bulk of the Indian army in a great line of camps that ranges, arclike, from Assam to Kashmir. Travelers report that Indian "militia" are everywhere, maneuvering in the field, crowding trucks on dusty mountain paths, riding the narrow-gauge railway that puffs up to the resort town of Darjeeling.

Left Hook. In the event of war, India's generals do not expect the Chinese to strike their main blow across the Himala-

yas—although they are taking no chances. They expect instead a Chinese left hook through Burma and Assam towards Calcutta. Short of war, the generals agree that infiltration is the danger.

To meet this danger, the Indian army put a 100-man mission into Nepal, and built the first military road from India to Katmandu. The first dusty Indian jeep sped along this road last week, a symbol of India's belated concern for her great mountain frontier.

"Improvident Maternity"

More than one-seventh of the world's entire population lives in India. There are more Indians than there are Americans and Russians put together, more people in India (357 million) than there are in all of Europe outside Russia. And still 5,000,000 more Indians are born every year. To provide even a substandard diet for its people, the Indian government must import some 3,000,000 tons of grain each year.

Last week, citing these and other grim statistics as determined by the government's 1951 census, India's Census Commissioner and a top civil servant, R. A. Gopalaswami, urged his countrymen to do something about "improvident maternity." As things are now going, he estimates that India's population will soar to 520 million by 1981. "Every married couple can have a maximum of three children without creating a national problem," said Gopalaswami, "but we should realize that it is improvident on our part to permit ourselves to increase in numbers indefinitely without taking thought of how our children and our children's children are to live." More than 40% of recorded births are to parents who already have three children (compared to 21% in the U.S.), so it is these parents whose "improvident maternity" worries the census taker. To Gopalaswami the answer is obvious: contraception, for which the Indian government has already set aside a sum of 6,500,000 rupees (\$1,365,000) in research money. "We must consider it as a fortunate circumstance," said Gopalaswami, "that the religious faith of most of our people* is not bound up with taboos against it." With every Indian family restricting itself to a maximum of three little Indians, the census chief reckons that his country's population can in time be leveled off at a steady 450 million.

THE PHILIPPINES

The People's Choice

On the beach of Leyte just south of Tacloban, U.S. landing barges rust in the surf. A monument near by proclaims proudly that here in 1944, General Douglas MacArthur and the Americans landed to restore the Four Freedoms to the Philippine Islands.

In Tacloban, and in all the cities, provinces and villages of the Philippines last

* Neither Hindus nor Moslems have any doctrinal scruples about practicing birth control.



week, the words on the monument were put to their severest test. In an atmosphere heavy with threats of intimidation and violence, even with talk of possible civil war, Filipinos turned out to elect a President and Vice President, a full House of Representatives and one-third of a Senate. The world looked on, wondering if U.S.-style democracy had really taken root.

It was a contest between the popular will, which surged up behind the young (46), Huk-fighting national hero, Ramon Magsaysay, and the corruption-pocked regime of ailing President Elpidio Quirino. Quirino men, who came to power in a corrupt election four years ago, had orders to win at all costs. The country seethed with reports—some true, some floated by the opposition—of administration money to juggle poll-watching police and army officers, to stuff ballot boxes, to buy Quirino votes and to intimidate Magsaysay voters.

Voters in one barrio went to the polls with envelopes containing carbon paper, so they could make copies of their ballots to prove they had voted for Quirino's Liberal ticket, as required by the men who bought their votes. In Passay, a city near Manila, armed toughs marched into several polling places and made off with the ballot boxes. In Precinct 99 of Manila, a masked man deposed the election commissioner and announced that he would count the votes. His tally: Quirino, 149; Magsaysay, 1. There was some violence, ten deaths (six of them in gang-ridden Cavite, southwest of Manila, where pro-Magsaysay policemen shot up a small band of gun-toting Quirino supporters).

But both the violence and the cheating were small scale: the democratic process triumphed. Some 4,200,000 Filipinos went to the polls to mark ballots with pencil and thumbprint. In the cleanest, calmest election in their six years of self-government, they elected vigorous, colorful Ramon Magsaysay, the Philippines' first authentic "man of the people," by a 2-to-1 landslide (2,890,401 to 1,292,395), gave Magsaysay's Nationalist-Democratic coalition a whopping majority in the House (67 to 31, with 4 still in doubt) and a solid one in the Senate.

Beaten and sick as he was, Elpidio Quirino (63) took the results with pride in his new nation: "This stands as incontrovertible proof that democracy is secure in our country."

The People Like Americans. In many ways, the Magsaysay victory was a U.S. victory. In 1950, when the menace of the Communist-led Huk threatened Manila itself, U.S. diplomats persuaded President Quirino to hand the Huk-fighting job to Ramon Magsaysay (pronounced mog-sigh-sigh), then the Liberal Party Representative from Zambales (TIME, Nov. 26, 1951 *et seq.*). A carpenter's son who got his engineering degree at the University of the Philippines, for a time worked in a U.S. Army motor pool, and then led a jungle army of 10,000 guerrillas against the Japanese, Magsaysay soon had the Huk on the run.



PRESIDENT-ELECT MAGSAYSAY
The voters made up their own minds.

Magsaysay grew in the job; so did his abhorrence at the corruption bred by the Quirino regime; so did his ambition. Filipinos began talking of Magsaysay as presidential material, and Magsaysay liked the sound of it. It was soon no secret that Ramon Magsaysay was America's boy. For a time, U.S. Colonel Edward Lansdale of the U.S. Air Force took a desk in Magsaysay's Defense Office, became virtually his mentor and publicity man. Polished, precise William Lacey, Councillor of the U.S. Embassy, became the man to whom Magsaysay turned daily for counsel.

Lacey and other U.S. officials were worried by Magsaysay's open and unabashed exploitation of the friendship, but not Magsaysay. "What do you know about Filipinos?" he would say. "I tell you, my people like Americans, and they like to see me with Americans." In spite of a Filipino law which forbids foreigners to contribute to election campaigns, U.S. business interests in the islands anted up some \$250,000 at a time when Magsaysay's Nationalist Party was seriously short of funds. On election day, 25 U.S. officers were sprinkled around polling areas by Major General Robert M. Cannon to "observe" units of the Filipino army on election day, and a platoon of U.S. foreign correspondents, dispersed through the islands, helped protect Filipinos against monkey business at the polls.

Filipinos had a chance to vote their minds without fear of revenge or having their votes disqualified. The Filipinos made up their own minds. No man since the great Filipino patriot, José Rizal, has so captured the Filipino fancy and fired the Filipino imagination as the rugged (5

ft. 11 in., 170 lbs.) man from Zambales. He displays emotions and utters words which might seem corny and insincere in more sophisticated men. In more than 1,500 villages and cities, he laughed, ate, mingled with and talked to the voters. "I love to shake the hands—the dirty hands—with the mud of the poor farmer. I love to shake the greasy hands of the mechanic. Although they are poor, I love to shake those hands rather than the hands of the Quirino politicians, who wash their hands ten times a day—perfumed hands washed with the best kind of soap."

Not of the Gentry. Magsaysay is the first man to reach the top in the Philippines who is not of the gentry. A blunt, impetuous man who often acts before he thinks, Magsaysay has by no means yet mastered the coral-sharp reefs of Filipino politics, nor is he the parliamentary equal of many of the barracudas who swim in both Filipino parties.

Landlords and powerful business interests have a say in the Nationalist Party's affairs. Its leaders, old Senators José Laurel and Claro Recto, are stringently conservative men who will seek to harness some of President Magsaysay's primitive radicalism. Many with whom the new President must work are, for example, bound to resent it if Magsaysay pushes fervently a program of land reform.

But with his boundless vigor and good health, his steel nerve, brash confidence and the support of the vast majority of his people, Ramon Magsaysay was one man who was not afflicted with doubts or fears. "The people," he vowed, "will have their own way."

GREAT BRITAIN

Out of Order

For a few moments last week, the mother of Parliaments, at home in her stately Westminster Palace, seemed perilously close to entering her second childhood. The first symptoms of retrogression became apparent as ultra-Conservative Sir Herbert Williams gawped in ruddy embarrassment at the wreckage of a broken egg lying before him in the House of Commons, its slithering yolk merging relentlessly with the green of the carpet. "Is it in order, Sir," a Labor member was demanding of the Speaker as Sir Herbert stared, "for an honorable Member to throw an egg across the floor of the House?"

"Quite out of order," the Speaker ruled, adding his "hope that whoever is responsible will see that it is put right." Exuberant Sir Herbert, who had playfully tossed the egg toward the Labor benches during a debate on food prices, vainly tried to cover the hideous remains with a piece of paper. "I did not realize that it was a real egg," he stammered abjectly. "I thought it was a crack egg."

The next night Her Majesty's legislators indulged their capacity for capriciousness in a more serious way. When the House of Commons was all but empty, Tory Backbencher Hugh Linstead tried

to forward a concern of his own and moved a prayer^{*} against the government's easing of restrictions on imported glassware. Later Linsted tried to withdraw the motion, but the Laborites seized on the absence of his fellow Tories to force a vote. Not expecting any important business to come up, most of the Tories had scattered far & wide, and many of them had been careless about being paired in their absence (Churchill paired with Opposition Leader Attlee, since both were dining that evening with U.S. Ambassador Winthrop Aldrich). Before the vote was called, the Labor whip rushed out to phone his flock. One set, who had been campaigning in two London districts for imminent by-elections, was easily found in pubs; and a group of 20 Bevanites were discussing their future at the home of one

Journey's End

"When I was 24," said the old, retired sailorman of South Shields last week, "I married a gentle girl named Marion, three years older than me. We bought a house in Seaton Sluice. I was a coal heaver then, and we were terribly in love. We both wanted a son. A year after our marriage, 51 years ago, he was born, but Marion died. On the day of her funeral, I handed the baby, John Charles, to my sister Louise to look after. Then I sold the house, packed up and went to sea. I was very young, very sad and very lonely."

For a quarter of a century after that, Fred Jaques followed the sea. He heard once from his sister Louise; she had divorced her husband, and was putting the sailor's son up for adoption; then she

with five grandchildren and a great-grandson, aged one. They had lived less than two miles apart for more than 25 years.

"It's odd," Fred told John, "to think that you must have given me a bus ticket hundreds of times, and neither of us ever wondered who the other was."

Send for the Straitjackets

On his 56th birthday this week, Socialist Aneurin Bevan paid respects to his countrymen. The British people, said he in a political speech at Coventry, are "among the most ignorant in the world."

"One of the causes," said Nye, "is to be found in British newspapers. They are no longer newspapers; they are power papers used not for the purpose of communicating news to people, but for indoctrinating ideas and concealing from people things they ought to know." Because of this, said the apostle of the left-wing Socialism known as Bevanism, Britons "are no longer capable of a right assessment of the international scene . . . For the first three or four years after the war, the British people were comparatively sane. Now they are practically insane."

RUSSIA

Bermuda Breezes

In Moscow one night last week, the handful of Western newsmen got an extraordinary summons to the Foreign Ministry on Smolensk Square. Foreign Minister Vyacheslav Molotov had scheduled the first Moscow press conference held by any Soviet official for foreign correspondents since 1947. Encased in the standard double-breasted blue suit and standing sternly beneath a portrait of Stalin, Molotov faced the press and raced through a twelve-page statement in Russian.

He was plainly worried by the way the West had responded to the Soviet's new hard line (TIME, Nov. 16). It would not do to let it be seen so plainly that it was the Russians, not the stubborn Americans, who were frustrating a Big Four meeting on Germany. "The urgency of the foreign ministers' conference is by no means diminished," insisted Molotov, trying to throw the onus back on to the West.

What seemed to disturb Molotov most was the Western powers' decision to sit down among themselves next fortnight in Bermuda, when Churchill, Eisenhower and France's Joseph Laniel will get together for the first time since Ike became President. "Conferences of this kind . . . tend to put certain states in opposition to other states . . ." Molotov complained.

As a matter of fact, if Churchill has his way, Bermuda will be a forerunner of talks with Malenkov. Churchill has been longing for a Big Three chat ever since he was denied Big Four talks. Now the Big Three at least would meet, but under a particularly nullifying circumstance. Laniel will be able to speak only for a lame-duck government which must automatically dissolve when France elects a new President—within ten days to a month after the Bermuda meeting.



FRED JAKES & SON

After hundreds of bus rides, lonely no longer.

of them in Vincent Square. Giggling like schoolboys, they were all rounded up in the darkness of the respectable old square to await the strategic moment when they would swoop into the House of Commons by the back door and take Tory Whip Patrick Buchan-Hepburn by surprise. Swoop they did, just as the vote was held, to defeat the government forces by a majority of four.

Next day, when the House gathered again, Churchill was greeted with Laborite cries of "Resign! Resign!" Grinning, the old warrior, whose Conservatives had worked the same trick on a Labor government more than once in the past, replied: "I think we shall all agree that it seems to have been a rather sharp piece of work." But resign he would not, and need not, on so inconsequential an issue, though it was the first time the government had been defeated in this Parliament.

drifted out of sight. When Fred Jaques returned to England years later, he tried to find his boy, and was told that he had migrated to Australia.

Soon afterward Fred became a glazier in the Northumberland town of South Shields. With only an ancient cat named Dimpy for company, he settled down to a life of solitude punctuated only by occasional memories of the wife he had loved and the son he had lost. Then, one day this month, Fred was called in by a neighbor to fix a broken windowpane. Over the inevitable cup of tea, the lonely man, now 77, told his story. "Why, that's funny," said another neighbor who had dropped in. "I heard almost the same story from a bus conductor right here in town, and his name is Jaques too."

Fred's heart leaped. He sought out the bus conductor, learned his full name, saw his birth certificate and his mother's picture. "All doubts were flung aside," he said. "It was John, all right." Last week, no longer lonely, Fred Jaques was happily reunited at a family party not only with his lost son and a daughter-in-law, but

* A parliamentary fiction by which the Parliament "prays Her Majesty" to revoke an order made in her name by the government acting as "Her Majesty in Council."

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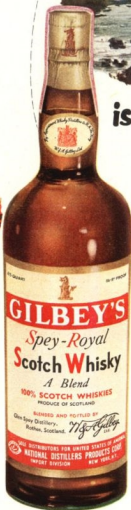
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IRAN

Onstage

The old man tottered into the improvised courtroom at Saltanatbad barracks, seven miles outside Teheran. Pallid, his bony frame trembling beneath two overcoats and a pair of wool pajamas, he lurched dramatically to the defendant's bench and lay there on his side, gasping for air, his throat fluttering. He croaked feebly for Coramine (a stimulant) and sipped it from a cup, each lip movement seeming his last.

For all these signs, 74-year-old Mohammed Mossadeq, after 81 days in jail, was in his best fighting trim. As Premier, he had stood off the British Empire from his bedroom; lying languidly on his iron bed, he had dangled and defied coveys of U.S.

his breast pocket, and on it swore he had done no such thing. By this time Mossadeq was off on another tack, while the lawyer sat stiffly unhappy.

Recesses were social occasions: Mossadeq greeted newsmen as "my friends" and mugged for the photographers. One photographer asked him to pose smoking a cigarette. "I've never smoked before," he said, but he took the cigarette and blew the smoke through his nostrils. "Only animals reject gifts," he explained, grinning.

Pondering. He would lurch back into court and lie with his head down until he decided that it was his turn to talk. "I'll remain in prison until I die," he vowed. "If anyone tries to release me, I'll find a way to commit suicide." "Now, now," soothed the court president. "You're not going to die. Please, just try to talk about

Spider Committee. Then they got together with the outlawed Communist Tudeh party, setting up an all-powerful six-man committee to run the revolt.

This was the table of operations: call a general strike, muster the mob in the labyrinthine municipal bazaar, then fight through central Teheran to Majlis Square, where the leaders would emerge and take charge. If all went well, the Black Spiders would incite army units to defect, the Reds would break out hidden stores of rifles and bazookas, and the general strike would turn into a revolution.

Agents Inside. The plan was worthy of the Moscow-trained *coup d'état* experts who prepared it, but for one fatal flaw: Major General Farhat Dadsetan, Teheran's smart military governor, knew all about it from his secret agents in the Re-



DEFENDANT MOSSADEGH DENOUNCING COURT-APPOINTED COUNSEL
Shouts, tears and curses on the son of a burnt father.

Associated Press

diplomats; on the rostrum, shaking, sighing and crying, he had stirred street mobs to frenzy. Now he had taken his act to court.

Intermission. The charge against Mossadeq: plotting to overthrow Iran's constitutional government. The crime is punishable by death, but in Iran it is not customary to execute convicted men over 60.

The court convened, and Mossadeq quickly went on the offensive, challenging the military tribunal's competence. Asked to identify himself, he cried, "I am the legal Premier of Iran!" And he soon launched into a filibuster that had everything in it but Huey Long's recipe for potlikker. When the chairman of the five-man court gently suggested that Mossadeq was wandering from the point, he cried: "Kill me! I'll submit."

He accused his court-appointed lawyer, a black-browed young army colonel, of slipping a copy of the defense plan to the court, and he punched the surprised man on the arm. Instantly, the lawyer leaped up, extracted a copy of the Koran from

the jurisdiction of this court." His lawyer also tried to get him to talk on the issue. Mossadeq screamed: "You're the son of a burnt father."

By the middle of the fourth day, the court had sat for 17 hours, of which 14 hours were pure Mossadeq. On the seventh day, the justices retired to ponder whether they had the right to try him in the first place. They concluded that they did have the right, and returned manfully to face the next assault from Mohammed Mossadeq.

The Plot That Failed

According to the plans, on Thursday, Nov. 12, at 10 a.m., the street mob was to take over Teheran, whereupon Mohammed Mossadeq was to take over the government. Meeting in secrecy, Mossadeq's lieutenants had worked out the grand plan. First they formed a secret National Resistance Movement, uniting, among others, discontented rich and powerful bazaar merchants, university hotheads and rebellious army officers of the secret Black

assistance. He summoned his commanders, told them to avoid gunfire if possible, so as to deny the Reds martyrdom. But if they had to shoot, the troops were to shoot to kill.

At dawn, Nov. 12, one division of troops waited on Teheran's outskirts for orders, a mobile police reserve sat ready in trucks at central police headquarters, while in the expectant bazaar, blue-uniformed cops clustered thickly. As fast as troublemakers showed, the cops clubbed them, shoved them into cars, drove them off to jail. The police were indiscriminate but effective; the mob never got out of the bazaar. Casualties: two to five rioters dead, another 218 deported to bleak, boiling-hot Kharg Island in the Persian Gulf. General Dadsetan sat back at headquarters and smiled: "There's not much to it."

Rozing the Roof. He still had one item of unfinished business: revenge on the bazaar merchants, 80% of whom had cooperated with the strike. (The merchants dislike Premier Zahedi's government be-

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cause many of them are no longer able to connive in profitable import deals.) In reprisal, the cops had painted identifying marks on the closed shops. When the merchants arrived to unshutter their shops on the next business day, waiting troops stopped them: "You wanted to close, now stay closed." Overhead, gangs of Dadsetan's men, armed with crowbars and picks, ripped up nearly 500 feet of masonry covering shops and booths, exposing them to the elements and to thieves. This was too much for the bazaarites; they trooped to the office of the Premier, General Fazlollah Zahedi, and raised their hands in supplication while their leader cried: "We surrender. We will not do it again."

AUSTRIA

Dangerous Flirtation

Though Viennese thought it a bit odd that handsome Karl Gruber should decide to publish his memoirs when he was only 44, and while he was still Austria's Foreign Minister, they put it down to his widely known penchant for remarking on the talents of Karl Gruber. But they were really startled by what the ordinarily suave and discreet Dr. Gruber chose to remember.

In the independent *Die Presse*, which published the Gruber memoirs, there appeared one day a chapter relating how Austrian Communists sat down with leaders of Gruber's own Catholic People's Party in 1947 to negotiate a partnership. People's Party leaders—including, implied Gruber, ex-Chancellor Leopold Figl and the present Chancellor Julius Raab—agreed to force the militantly anti-Red Socialists out of the coalition government and to make a Communist stooge Chancellor, in return for concessions from Moscow. "Such a catastrophe and criminal nonsense must be prevented," Gruber recalls himself as saying then. He credited himself with telling the Socialists of the plot in time for them to thwart it.

Gruber's disclosures were greeted with Socialist cheers, but he seemed surprised and hurt when his own party summoned him on the carpet. "I had by no means the intention," he recanted, "of accusing political persons of the People's Party . . . of uncertain or unpatriotic attitudes." But it was too late. The party made Gruber resign the Foreign Ministry, which he has held since war's end. His probable successor: former Chancellor Figl, Austria's most beloved politician.

Still undenied, however, are the embarrassing indications that the solidly conservative, Catholic-dominated People's Party—the favorite of the Western occupiers in Austria—was trying to play house with the Communists. Chancellor Raab, who has been able to make some political capital out of Russia's recent small concessions to the Austrians, has reportedly planned a trip to Moscow in hopes of "buying" a removal of Soviet occupation forces from the country. According to British Socialist M.P. Richard Crossman, reporting last week from Vienna to London's left-wing *New Statesman* and *Nation*, Raab recently sounded out Russia



KARL GRUBER
Odd and embarrassing.

via New Delhi, to inquire whether the Russians would be prepared to sign the Austrian peace treaty "if Austria pledged itself to complete neutrality." The reply, through India's Nehru: "Neutrality not sufficient. Molotov."

TURKEY

The Burial of Ataturk

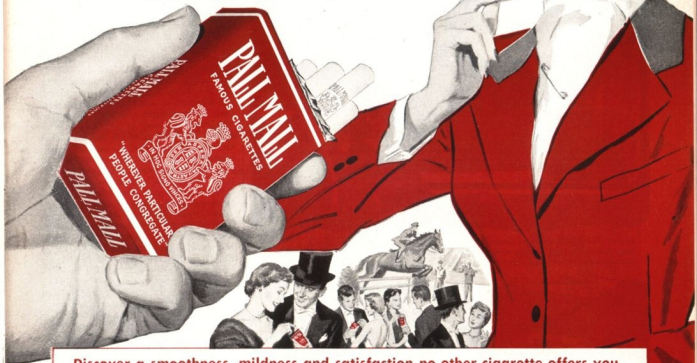
At five minutes past 9 one morning last week, in the capital city of Ankara, a bugler blew a blast, and all over the nation's 296,000 square miles, 21 million Turks stood motionless for five minutes. Only the delayed shriek of jet formations broke the silence. Then cannon began to boom at five-minute intervals as Kemal Ataturk, the Father of the Turks—dead 15 years this day—began his last voyage.

His remains were taken from the Ethnographic Museum, reverently laid on an artillery caisson, and drawn by 138 young reserve officers in a procession that stretched for two miles. Behind a military band playing Chopin's *Funeral March* slowly marched 80,000 Turks, including the President, the Premier, every Cabinet minister, every parliamentary deputy, every provincial governor and every foreign diplomat. Many of the 7,000 marching Turkish soldiers wore their Korean war decorations. Ten generals and two admirals escorted the coffin, while another admiral guarded a velvet cushion which bore the Medal of Independence, the only decoration Ataturk ever wore.

After 3½ hours, the procession reached the top of a hill overlooking Ankara—the modern city built by Ataturk—and stopped before a square-pillared mausoleum, set in a 148-acre park. Up 33 marble steps, each 132 feet wide, went the procession, along floors of multicolored marble, past statues and buttresses inscribed with Ataturk's maxims and bas-reliefs depicting his victories—until it halted at a

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Agents in U. S. and Canada

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There last week, covered with earth from each of Turkey's 64 provinces, the Father of the Turks finally came to rest. His grateful people had spent \$12 million and labored nine years to build their tribute to the dictator who modernized his ancient land and bequeathed it democracy (TIME, Oct. 12). An elderly officer standing by spoke quietly to a friend: "I was on active duty during his funeral, when I shed bitter tears at the finality of death. Today I am not sad, for 15 years have taught me that Atatürk will never die."

GERMANY

The Outgathering

For many years before World War II, Joda Isenbart was a contented kosher meat dealer in Vienna. Then came the *Anschluss*, which joined Austria's voice to that of Germany in Hitler's hymn of hate against the Jews. Joda and his family were sent from one concentration camp to another. All of their relatives were killed, but somehow or other, Joda, his wife and their three children survived. When the nightmare was over at last, Joda, like a million of his kind, raised his eyes from the ashes of his ruined life and his ruined world, toward Israel, the promised land that offered new hope to the Jews of Central Europe. Joda became one of the hundreds of thousands who joined the "ingathering" at the home of his ancestors.

Last week Joda was one of a ragged band of 67 bitterly disillusioned Israelis who, fleeing their land of promise, had been caught smuggling themselves into, of all places, Germany. At Munich's Camp Föhrenwald, last remaining German D.P. camp for stateless Jews (where the feeling against the returnees was high), Joda told his story: "When we got to Israel, I was told I was too old to be a butcher any more. I was put to work in a quarry. We were not beaten or mistreated, but otherwise things were not too different from life in the [concentration] camps."

"I am a German," said Berlin-born Arie Kraemer, another of the Israeli refugees, "and now I want to take things up where they were dropped in 1933. What do I have in common with those people there? I feel nothing for those Asiatic and African Jews who swarm into Israel."

German authorities halted the immigrants into court and gave them each a suspended sentence of ten days for illegal entry. But, said a Munich police officer, "we have no prejudice, least of all against these poor people." From Israel, which is now losing more settlers than it is taking in (34,000 have left to seek their fortunes elsewhere since Israel became a state), came harsher words. "Emigrants have no title to sympathy," said Finance Minister Levi Eshkol. "Those who found sufficient funds for sea passage could have done quite well here with the energy and money used to arrange their emigration."



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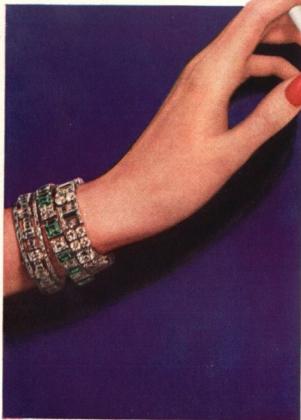


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BOLIVIA

The Senator & the Revolution

President Victor Paz Estenssoro knew he would have his hands full one day last week. U.S. Senator Homer Capehart, chairman of the Senate Banking and Currency Committee, a man who might influence future U.S. aid to needy Bolivia, was due in La Paz on a study trip. And police intelligence agents reported that a plot to overthrow the government, long simmering and long spied on by the cops, had been moved up to coincide with Capehart's visit.

The Senator arrived on time and so did the revolution. At 7 a.m. a group of youths—some only 14 years old—belonging to the right-wing, anti-government Socialist



Walter Bennett

SENATOR CAPEHART
Gunfire in the morning.

Falange Party attacked the President's suburban home. Forewarned, Paz Estenssoro had long since slipped off to the presidential palace. The rebels went on to seize a police station. "We heard lots of shooting," said Capehart. By 9 o'clock, armed members of the pro-government unions had put down the minor revolt in the capital; then word came that the main uprising was at Cochabamba, 140 miles away.

Battle Reports. Neither Capehart nor Paz Estenssoro scares easily, and they had business to attend to. Punctually at 10 a.m., Capehart arrived to keep his appointment with the President at the palace. Early reports received there indicated that Cochabamba's central plaza, prefecture and air base had fallen to the rebels. Coolly Paz Estenssoro turned to explain his country's towering economic problems to his visitor. More dispatches came in: Minister of Mines and Petroleum Juan Lechin, in Cochabamba for a visit, had been captured by a rebel band. The

President and the Senator talked about tin mining. Fresh reports disclosed that loyal forces were now fighting back strongly in Cochabamba. Capehart chewed on his cigar. Another telegram told how a boy on a bicycle had ridden, like a young Paul Revere, to the nearby town of Ucuëña to alert the area's Indian farmers and tin miners to mobilize against the rebels. The President, the Senator and their aides calmly moved on to the U.S. embassy for a reception honoring Capehart. There, just after 1 p.m., messengers brought the victory report: "Cochabamba is ours."

Asylum in B.V.D.'s. The revolt, the sixth attempt since Paz Estenssoro himself took power in the revolution of April 1952, was over, except for the usual scramble to safety by the defeated. Fifteen succeeded in getting to airfields, where they commandeered three planes and flew off to Peru and Chile. The revolt's leader, Oscar Unzuaga de la Vega, dramatically appeared two days later clawing his way up a river bank behind the Uruguayan embassy for a successful dash to asylum inside. Another leader, in a hospital with wounds, dodged his guards one night, leaped from his second floor window and landed safely in the garden of the French embassy next door dressed only in his underwear.

The revolution cost Bolivia 23 dead, 42 injured—and one newspaper destroyed. After freeing Lechin, Cochabamba's irregulars had gone on to wreck the offices of the anti-government *Los Tiempos*. Paz Estenssoro jailed hundreds of rebels and his government announced it would try 723 persons for rebellion. Senator Capehart, having seen a genuine South American revolution at first hand, packed up his notes and moved on to Chile.

BRAZIL

Take Back Your Mink

Brazil's energetic Finance Minister Oswaldo Aranha is a good friend of the U.S., but at the moment he is not friend of U.S. investments. Last week, in an interview with the New York Times's Sam Pope Brewer, Aranha made this abundantly clear. Brazil, Aranha explained, wants neither loans nor investments from abroad. Said he: "We have depended too much on outside aid. That's why we have not made more progress. We must learn to stand on our own feet." Foreign private capital, he said, has done Brazil more harm than good, and if foreign companies do not like the new taxes he plans to impose, "they can leave; it makes no difference." Americans, said Aranha, "are our best friends, but we have always made our poorest business deals with our best friends."

Cabled back to Rio, the interview kicked up such a fuss that Aranha rushed out with a further explanation, claiming in effect that he had been quoted out of context. He said that he was not against constructive investments that stayed in Bra-

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zil and were content with moderate profits; the trouble was that there has not been much of that kind of U.S. money around in recent years. The burden of both U.S. and Brazilian taxation, explained Oswaldo Aranha, "leads U.S. enterprises to seek investments and profits here that the weakness of our economy cannot stand."

In the midst of readying a drastic tax program to strengthen Brazil's new austerity regime, Aranha also successfully fought off an inflationary congressional proposal to pay 145,000 government workers an extra month's salary as a Christmas bonus. "It would be crazy," stormed Aranha. "Brazil is like a family that has no funds but wants to give a luxurious party."

ARGENTINA

Trimming Labor's Power

Throughout the reign of Juan Perón, the 6,000,000-member General Confederation of Labor (C.G.T.) has been his chief prop in power. Last week, apparently convinced that the C.G.T. has grown too big for efficient palace control, Perón openly backed a labor split in favor of a new rival union federation.

The new outfit, calling itself the C.G.P. (General Confederation of Professionals), began operation with a staff of ten Education Ministry employees three months ago, has since signed up some 40 professional associations (including astronomers, accountants, librarians, lawyers). Its goal is to corral 1,250,000 members—or virtually all of Argentina's white-collar workers. In a blunt speech to C.G.T. leaders, Perón warned that they must accept the new federation, and that there will be no wage increases when contracts expire next March. By dividing labor, Perón apparently hopes to hold out against union demands that would set off a new inflationary spiral in Argentina.

CANADA

British Comeback

British investment in Canada, which slowed to a trickle after World War II, is rising again. Ontario's Minister of Planning and Development William Warren, home from a tour of Britain, predicted last week that United Kingdom businessmen would pour as much as \$150 million into Canadian industries next year, more than quadrupling their 1953 rate of investment.

After reaching a peak of \$2.8 billion in 1929, total British holdings in Canada declined slowly during the 1930s, then rapidly after the outbreak of World War II as the British sold their overseas properties to pay for the war. In 1949, the trend was reversed, and as Britons built up their dollar reserves, they turned once more to Canadian ventures. But Britain, for many years the leading outside investor in Canada, has long since yielded first place to the U.S. The British stake in Canada at the end of 1952: \$1.8 billion; U.S. holdings: \$8 billion.

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PEOPLE



KING PAUL & QUEEN FREDERIKA AT HOLLYWOOD PARTY
The ceremony was amusing but confusing.

Associated Press

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

Greece's ubiquitous **King Paul** and **Queen Frederika** turned up in Hollywood, where they dropped in on the *White Christmas* set at Paramount. Stars **Vera-Ellen**, **Danny Kaye** and **Rosemary Clooney** greeted Their Majesties with a little ceremony in which they puffed out the candles on a large, dummy birthday cake. Amused but confused, the King observed: "It's not my birthday."

To the consternation of the Home Office and Scotland Yard, **Princess Margaret**, with the blessing of **Queen Elizabeth**, broke an old royal precedent, went strolling with her Sealyham in London's St. James's Park, unescorted, and—for emphasis—without a hat.

In East Berlin, **Gerhart Eisler**, one-time top U.S. Communist who skipped the country in 1949 to return to the workers' paradise in his homeland, was finding life less heavenly than ever. Already forbidden to grind out propaganda under his own byline, Eisler had now been kicked out of his imposing villa. The villa's new tenant: East Germany's Deputy President **Heinrich Rau**.

The family of **Clara Petacci**, mistress of **Benito Mussolini** who died with him at the hands of a Milanese mob in 1945, sued the Italian government for return of 36 love letters from *Il Duce* to Clara, plus pages from her diary and other personal documents. Although the government confiscated the papers because of their "national historical interest," Rome buzzed with the word that the letters are

not yet entirely historical. As the rumor went, the government is reluctant to part with evidence that many a now prominent Italian asked favors of Mussolini through the dictator's doxy.

In Las Vegas, appearing at the Sahara Hotel for \$12,500 a week, **Christine** (né George) **Jorgensen**, 27, showed off an engagement ring received from a Washington, D.C. suitor who also sends yellow roses every day. The suitor: willowy (6 ft. 3 in.) Artist **Patrick Flanigan**, 26, now married but planning a divorce. Flanigan, who painted his way into Christine's affections during 60 hours of portrait sittings, was like any young man in love. "We're just two people trying to find peace and happiness," said he. "She [Christine] is beautiful—and a lady."

In Cairo, Egypt's ex-Queen **Narriman**, fed up with the penny-pinching and well-publicized antics of deposed **King Farouk**, slapped him with two suits, one for divorce, the other for \$14,000-a-month alimony (which she can collect for only one year under Islamic law). In exile in Rome, leering and prancing as usual, Farouk told friends that he will deny everything (through a Syrian lawyer, because no Egyptian attorney will touch him with a 10-ft. obelisk) and will ask the court to order Narriman to return to him and little ex-King **Faud II**.

As touring Vice President **Richard Nixon** sat enjoying an official program of folksongs and dancing in Korea, part of the low stage collapsed, easing some 40 performers to the ground. In the ensuing pandemonium, the orchestra leader fled the theater in tears. Then Nixon took the

situation in hand, leaped to his feet and led a round of applause. After the entertainers clambered back onto the remainder of the stage and finished the show, Nixon commented: "Another example of the courage of the Korean people."

Beaming citizens of Carlyle, Ill. (pop. 2,700) heartily cheered Major General **William F. Dean** on a visit to his boyhood home town. Brushing aside the home folks' tribute to his valor, Dean spoke sharply: "Anybody who's dumb enough to get captured shouldn't be called a hero."

In Moscow's Red Square, according to a *Pravda* announcement, the pyramidal tomb which the embalmed remains (or a reasonable facsimile) of **Nikolai Lenin** now share with the body of **Josef Stalin** will be opened to the faithful this week for the first time since Stalin's death.

Wealthy San Francisco Attorney **Vincent Hallinan**, 56, who picked up 135,007 votes as the Communist-backed Progressive Party's candidate for President last year, was convicted of evading \$36,639.24 in income taxes from 1947 through 1950. A man who has never let the pinkness of his politics distract him from the green of his money, Hallinan had reported only 20% of his law income for the four years, had also written off as business deductions such bourgeois items as a gymnasium and swimming pool in his home.

At a wedding reception in Manhattan's Plaza Hotel, **Helen Keller**, 73, who, though sightless and deaf since infancy, has long had a desire to dance, finally tried it, cut a commendable figure with an old friend, Chicago Attorney **A. R. Peterson**.



HELEN KELLER & PARTNER
The figure was commendable.

Tommy Weber

What to see in Britain if you've read these books:



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**How
Green
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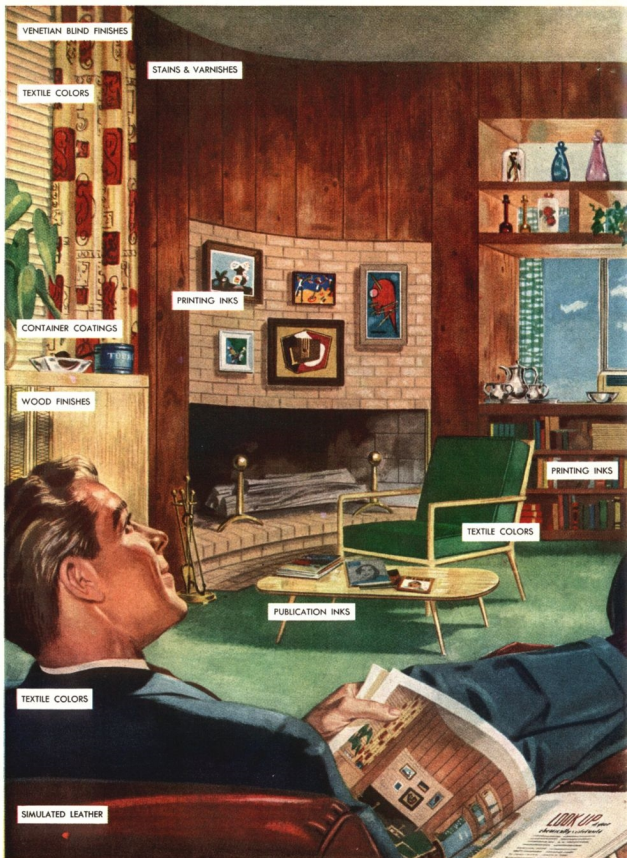
For chapter and verse from this novel, look into Wales. You'll see the brightly shining valley and hear it echo with the miners' hymns. For another high point in Wales, stand on top of Snowdon, legendary resting place of King Arthur's spirit. So filled is Britain with such treasures that Lord Byron said—"Where'er we tread, 'tis haunted, holy ground."

PHOTOGRAPH BY TONI PRUSSSELL



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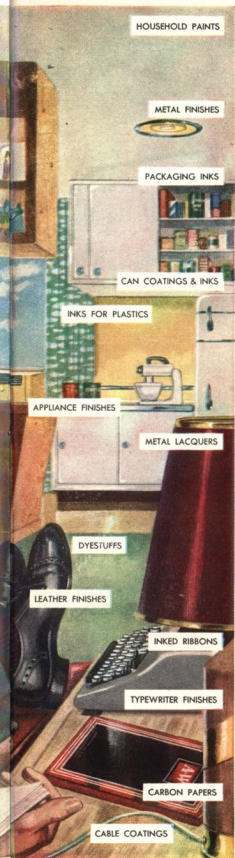
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At paints, varnishes, lacquers and enamels which enhance your walls and woodwork, your television set, your furniture and kitchen appliances.

At textile colors and dyes that bring beauty to your rugs and draperies, fashion-rightness to the clothing of all the family.

At special inks on your typewriter ribbons and carbon papers that put on paper what you have to say.

At the covering on your favorite chair, which looks so much like leather.

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THE PRESS

The Man Who Talked

The feature in the current issue of *Reader's Digest* (circ. 17.5 million) is a condensation of *The Man Who Wouldn't Talk*, a spine-chilling tale about a "gentle spy" by Quentin Reynolds. In Reynolds' crackling, reportorial prose, the book describes "quiet, religious" George DuPre, a Canadian who entered British Intelligence early in World War II and prepared for a strange mission. For nine months he was trained to behave like "the village half-wit" so that he could play the part of a harmless, moronic French garage mechanic after he was dropped behind the German lines. The book told how DuPre helped smuggle Allied flyers out of enemy territory until the Gestapo picked



Jim Parker—Calgary Herald
AUTHOR REYNOLDS & EX-"SPY" DUPRE
A most horrible torture.

him up. The Nazis tortured him with a sulphuric-acid enema, poured boiling water into his clamped-open mouth, squashed his finger in a vise, gave him savage beatings, etc. But DuPre, by his own account, never told the Germans anything, just mumbled dumbly, "I don't know," until he was finally released.

Last week DuPre, Author Reynolds, the *Reader's Digest* and Random House, the book's publisher, were all themselves subjected to the most horrible torture in publishing. Across Page 1 the *Calgary* (Alberta) *Herald* (circ. 56,456) was the headline: CALGARIAN ADMITS SECRET SERVICE STORY WAS A FABRICATION: GEORGE DUPRE TELLS HERALD HE WAS NEVER IN FRANCE AS SPY. Said the *Herald*: "The story of George DuPre, as related in [his story] that it is hard to imagine DuPre expecting to get away with it."

There was no denying the *Herald's* ex-

posé. Author Reynolds announced candidly that he had been "duped" by the "greatest hoax ever perpetrated." *Reader's Digest* Editor DeWitt Wallace was equally stunned, explained that the *Digest* would confess its error in its January issue. "This mistake," said Random House's President Bennett Cerf, "is a beaut."

Awful Truth. DuPre first attracted the *Digest's* attention six months ago, after giving a number of lectures and broadcasts in Canada on his war experiences. He was invited to suburban Pleasantville, N.Y., to meet the *Digest* editors. "If there ever was a man who inspired confidence and seemed deeply religious," recalls Editor Wallace, "it was he." The *Digest* asked Reynolds to write DuPre's story, later sold the idea of the book to Random House. Reynolds went to Canada with DuPre, branch manager of Calgary's Commercial Chemicals, Ltd., found that he was an outstanding citizen in Calgary, leader in the Boy Scout movement and an active member of United Church of Canada. At war's end he worked as confidential assistant and security officer to Nathan E. Tanner, Alberta's Minister of Mines and Minerals, who supervised the provinces' vital natural resources.

In Calgary, Reynolds dined with DuPre and the mayor, saw DuPre together with high government officials, and went to an R.C.A.F. officers' party in DuPre's honor. "Everyone was delighted," says Reynolds, "that at last DuPre was to get recognition outside of Canada." Even though R.C.A.F. officers spoke glowingly of DuPre's war record, Reynolds says, he submitted his manuscript to the tight-lipped British Intelligence, was told they would not even look at it, since as a matter of policy they never give clearance. At the end of the story, DuPre signed his name to the statement: "[This] is my factual story exactly as I told it to Quentin Reynolds."

The *Herald* got the first hint that something was wrong from an anonymous tipster who had read the *Digest* story. He told the *Herald* that he had enlisted in the Royal Canadian Air Force with DuPre in 1942, although the book said that DuPre was in France at the time. *Herald* Managing Editor Allen Bill, who had helped Reynolds gather information for his book, assigned Reporter Doug Collins to investigate.

Collins, a onetime British Intelligence agent himself, had no trouble punching holes in the fabulous yarn. From R.C.A.F. records and scrapbooks of ex-R.C.A.F. officers, he found out that DuPre had never been in France during the war. He had spent a total of 13 months with an intelligence unit in England, where he had been a flight lieutenant. But at about the time the Gestapo was supposed to be torturing him, DuPre was safely back in Canada. His evidence in hand, Reporter Collins went to DuPre, cagily asked him about some fictitious "old friends" Collins said he remembered from




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his own days in British Intelligence, talked nostalgically about nonexistent training camps. "Yes, indeed," said DuPre, rising to the bait. "I knew [them] well." Then Collins told DuPre the awful truth.

Boy Scouts. Reluctantly, DuPre admitted the hoax. He had started out, he said, just telling a small lie back in 1946, but everyone seemed so interested that the lie "grew." DuPre spoke all over Canada, contributed the proceeds of his fame to the Boy Scouts and ordered his share of the royalties from the book (now in its third printing) turned over to them. DuPre, who had repeatedly said in the book that he had withstood torture only because of his great "faith in God," explained that the only reason for talking about his adventure at all was "to prove, especially to the young, that a man with faith can endure anything." His wife, who knew about the hoax from the beginning, had another explanation. "He was trying to be a hero to me," she said sorrowfully. "But he didn't need to. I was satisfied with him the way he was."

Last week, after the *Herald's* exposé, DuPre was "in a state of collapse" and "under doctor's care." Said Author Reynolds: "I am shocked and sad and very sorry for George." Random House Publisher Cerf took a more commercial view: this week he offered to refund the price of the book to anyone who wanted it, and suggested to bookstores all over the U.S. that they move the book from the "non-fiction" display shelves to the "fiction" section where it belongs.

Battle Over the News

After word got out last week that Los Angeles *Daily News* Publisher Robert Smith had signed a contract to sell the paper for \$1,525,000 (*TIME*, Nov. 16), Smith changed his mind. "There is nothing wrong with the *Daily News*," said he, "that more circulation would not cure." Then he announced that the sale of the paper was called off because the buyer, Publisher Sheldon F. Sackett of the Coos Bay (Ore.) *Times*, had "failed to put up financial and collateral requirements as specified."

Nonsense, replied Sackett from San Francisco. "Mr. Smith accepted down payments, collateral and notes in the amount of \$580,000, and secured by adequate collateral." Furthermore, Sackett said he has sent Smith checks to keep the ailing *News* going. Added Sackett sharply: "Smith is now an employee of my corporation."

American in Paris

"When an American Citizen gets into difficulty in a foreign country," wrote a reader to the Paris edition of the New York *Herald Tribune*, "they either go to the police, the American embassy or Art Buchwald. I prefer the last." So do some 70 other travelers a week who write to chubby (196 lbs.) young (28) Columnist Art Buchwald seeking his expert advice on everything from what to do when the concierge turns off the heat in a Paris hotel (answer: "Go to another hotel") to



1948

This is a drawing, of a man we know, made in 1948 after 22 years of collecting records. Here's what happened:

Born: 1907—the year Columbia introduced the first record with music on both sides.

Started collection: 1924—the year Columbia offered the first albums of complete symphonies.

Favorite album: Berlioz' *Symphonie Fantastique*. Complete on 12 sides of 12-inch 78 RPM Columbia shellac records. Weight: 5 lbs. Cost: \$9.

Gave up collecting records: 1948.

Reasons: Records wear out too fast; difficult to replace broken records; sound quality poor; prices high; too much music unavailable on records; can't hear triangle in any recording of *Symphonie Fantastique*.

*Note slumped shoulders—the result of twenty-two years of lugging heavy stacks of 78 RPM records from shelves to phonograph.

*Note watery eyes, head spinning in small, nervous circles—the result of 22 years of trying to read spinning record labels revolving at 78 revolutions per minute (26 miles per hour).

*Note cupped ears—the result of efforts to hear music above noise of steel needle ripping through shellac-record grooves.

Pitiful sight!



1953

Same man 5 years after Columbia introduced Long Playing record. Back straight. Eyes clear. Ears nearer head. Feels like a boy.

Discovered "LP" 1948—one hour of music on single 12-inch record.

Bought new recording of *Symphonie Fantastique*: 1952—by Eugene Ormandy and The Philadelphia Orchestra on single Long Playing Columbia record.

Reasons: Record made of vinylite, non-breakable, noiseless, takes up $\frac{1}{4}$ inch of shelf space. Weight: 12 oz. Cost: 40¢, less than 78 RPM album. Spins at 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ RPM (11 miles per hour). Can hear triangle perfectly. Also discovered almost two thousand other Columbia "LP's."

New Favorites: Bernard Shaw's *Don Juan In Hell* on two 12-inch Long Playing records; Moussorgsky's "Pictures At An Exhibition" and Stravinsky's "Firebird Suite" on one 12-inch Long Playing record. Never available together before introduction of "LP."

Also discovered Columbia's high-fidelity sound. Wide frequency range; concert-hall realism. Only bats and babies could ask for more.

We asked our man how he would like to go back to 1947 and to swap his "LP" collection for old 78 RPM records.

"No sirree," he said. "Like changing all my dollar bills into pennies. Ridiculous!"

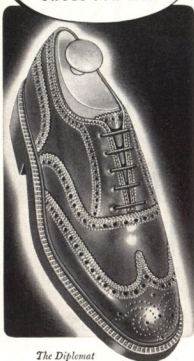
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"Is it all right to take a 15-year-old girl to the Folies-Bergère?" (answer: "Depends on the 15-year-old girl"). But Columnist Buchwald, who was born in suburban Mount Vernon, N.Y., owes his reputation as "the American in Paris" to more than giving out advice.

His Paris *Herald* column, "Europe's Lighter Side," syndicated to six other U.S. dailies by the New York *Herald Tribune*, takes the informal measure of a wide range of American travelers abroad from Paul Hoffman, Jim Farley and Henry Ford II to "Slapsy" Maxie Rosenbloom, Ernest Hemingway and Lana Turner. And Buchwald's lighthearted guidebook, *Paris After Dark*, which has sold more than 60,000 copies, is one of the best sources of information for Americans on Paris restaurants and night life.

Last week Buchwald, smoking his customary cigar, was engaged in a typically unorthodox piece of legwork for his column. Decked out in fox-hunting pinks and astride a horse, he was uncomfortably riding to the hounds across the rolling greens of Ireland as the guest of Hollywood Director John Huston. In the last five years, he has gone to even greater lengths in the interest of his column. He has hobnobbed at St. Moritz, dined at the pasha's palace at Marrakech, French Morocco, and at the Marquis de Cuevas' fancy-dress ball at Biarritz (TIME, Sept. 14), he turned up barelegged, bewigged and dressed as an American Indian with a sign on his back: "Us Go Home." "It's simply amazing," says Buchwald, "to think I've been to all those many places."

His Highness. Buchwald's amazement is understandable. Since his mother took sick just after he was born, he spent his childhood being shifted back & forth from foster homes to orphan asylums. He had never traveled beyond the New York area until at 16 he ran away, lied about his age and joined the Marines. After 18 months in the Pacific, he was discharged, attended the University of Southern California for three years, then bought a one-way ticket to Europe with his \$250 New York State serviceman's bonus. In Paris, he lived on his \$75 G.I. Bill allowance, finally taking *Variety* into letting him do occasional reporting. Three months later, he went to the Paris *Herald Tribune*, and last year persuaded the paper to run his column in its New York home edition.

In Paris, Buchwald sees "anyone who is in the news," has become as much of a celebrity as many of the people he interviews. Once when he complained "how difficult it is to get into the Savoy in a dinner jacket borrowed from a waiter," one of his readers sent him a hand-me-down tuxedo which he still wears ("It's getting a little tight under the arms"). He drops names as easily as he gulps an outside portion of *pâte de foie gras*. "We had lunch recently with the . . . Aga Khan," writes Buchwald. "His Highness told us he eats only one meal a day—at lunchtime." On a recent Pillsbury Mills press junket, Buchwald quipped that the president of the company was greeted in Paris with: "We knew you were coming



Lou Stetson

COLUMNIST BUCHWALD AT WORK
Better than the police or the embassy.

so we baked a cake." Buchwald, an unblushing user of the multiple pun, described the event: "The well-bread Ritz Hotel . . . was decked out like a wedding cake . . . Pillsbury spared no expense to see that there were flours on every table, whether they kneaded them or not."

Price of Fame. Strange crusades are the lifeblood of his column. He has complained about dogs in restaurants ("I like animals damn it—but I draw the line there"), blasted the famed Café de la Paix for warning its customers not to kiss in public ("If you can't kiss someone in a sidewalk café, where can you kiss her?"), and explained why French speak such tortured English (they use an English-made-easy guide, which offers such phonetic help as: "Pliize sho me ze boukiene off-ice for leug-gueeje"). Occasionally he also picks up off-beat business news, like his report on Trans World Airlines' Board Chairman Warren Lee Pierson: "When I first became chairman . . . I picked up a card in one of the offices which read: 'Directions for making a Martini over the ocean: one part vermouth, two parts gin.' My first company directive was that hereafter all Martinis made over the ocean were to contain one part vermouth and five parts gin. Heaven only knows how many customers we saved."

Buchwald prefers to interview his subjects in their native habitat, has played a talkative round of golf with Bing Crosby, gone shopping with Zsa Zsa Gabor for a dress. "Interviewing Zsa Zsa in an office would turn out just like an interview with, say, Charlie Wilson," explains Buchwald. Although he is known at nearly every good restaurant in Paris ("My chief vice is eating too much"), he rarely drinks more than a sip of wine, finds that Americans abroad are much more candid and willing to be interviewed than in the U.S. For his popularity, Buchwald pays a heavy price. Says he: "Every atrocity that's committed by an American—or to an American—in Europe, I seem to hear about firsthand—they blame me."



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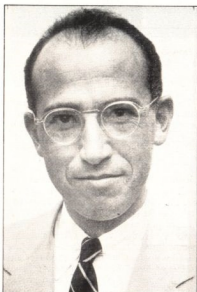
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MEDICINE

D-Day Against Polio

Hundreds of thousands of second-grade schoolchildren, averaging seven years old, will give the answer next year to the most urgent and immediate question confronting medical scientists: Can the vaccine developed by the University of Pittsburgh's Dr. Jonas E. Salk (TIME, Feb. 9) halt the ravages of polio?

Under plans announced this week by Basil O'Connor, president of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, Dr. Salk will widen his testing program in western Pennsylvania to cover more than 5,000 children by midwinter. Then mass field trials on a nationwide basis will get under way on Feb. 8 in a county (still to be chosen) in one of the Southern states



Bill Sanders

VACCINATOR SALK

Answers from the second grade.

where polio strikes early and often. Thereafter, as fast as can be, inoculation teams will get to work in 200 or more counties until 500,000 to 1,000,000 children have been vaccinated. The work must be finished by early June, beginning of the epidemic polio season in most of the U.S.

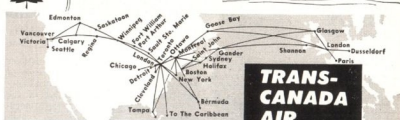
Local health officers will be in charge of the program in their areas. Local doctors will give the shots with chapters of the National Foundation supplying volunteer clerical and nursing help. No child will be vaccinated without written consent of parents or guardians. Each child selected will receive three injections, each of 1 cc. of triple vaccine in water, the first two shots a week apart, the third (booster) shot a month later. All shots will be given in the arm and should be virtually painless.

Second-graders were chosen for the tests because the incidence of polio is usually greatest around their age group. For "controls," to judge whether the second-graders receive substantial protection

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TELECASTER CHRISTENSEN (RIGHT) & X RAYS
He explained the shadows.

Howard Tribe

against paralytic polio, the foundation's researchers will check the experience of first- and third-graders in the same counties. They will also check that of the brothers and sisters of the children inoculated, and the polio figures of second-graders who do not get the shots.

It will be 1955 before results of the \$7,500,000 test can be accurately judged, said O'Connor. The vaccine will be made in Dr. Salk's laboratories, and by pharmaceutical manufacturers using his method. It will be triple-tested for safety—by the manufacturer, by Dr. Salk, and by the U.S. National Institutes of Health.

Polio vaccine researchers got into a hassle last week over the safety of Dr. Salk's preparation, in which the virus is killed with formaldehyde. A team from Chicago's Michael Reese Hospital, headed by Dr. Albert Milzer, complained that they had followed Dr. Salk's published directions faithfully, and the formaldehyde had failed to kill all the virus. On the other hand, said Dr. Milzer, they had no trouble killing the virus with ultraviolet light, and then had made an effective vaccine.

Dr. Salk suggested that the Chicago researchers had brewed their virus broth too strong.

Education at Sunrise

Before dawn one day last week, a program director and six technicians from KDYL-TV parked their mobile unit in the backyard of the County General Hospital in Salt Lake City and set up telecasting equipment in the infirmary's amphitheater. At 7 o'clock, when the sun had barely risen and the station's regular viewers were not expected to have reached for their selector knobs, Dr. Robert S. Warner stood before a camera and explained that the upcoming program was intended for doctors only. However, there

was no way to keep the general public from watching if it wished.

The program was the first in a series planned by the University of Utah's Medical School for the postgraduate education of doctors already in practice. Closed-circuit TV, which has been used in connection with medical conventions (TIME, June 25, 1951), was impracticable for the mountain states because there is no north-south coaxial cable or microwave to connect the chief cities of the area. Instead, Utah doctors decided to take up KDYL's offer of an early morning hour, when nearly every doctor can watch and the general public is not likely to tune in.

Dr. William Christensen, professor of radiology, ran the first program and showed a mass of X rays to help physicians diagnose their patients' complaints from shadows showing calcification. One particularly clear example: spotting a case of diabetes from chalky deposits in the sperm duct. Only once did Dr. Christensen defer to the possible presence of laymen in the audience, by describing a fetus shown in the womb as "a little stranger." On the other hand, there was nothing that the accidental, nonprofessional viewer could have found upsetting.

By week's end KDYL had a fine collection of encouraging fan mail from doctors as far away as Price, 125 miles to the south, and Preston, Idaho, 112 miles to the north. A few uninvited laymen added their approval. Future programs in the weekly series may include more blood and guts.

Out with the Weed

Among almost 100 pages of advertising in last week's A.M.A. Journal, only 1½ pages were cigarette puffs. And in these, advertisers made no medical claims—merely said that their brands were low in nicotine or equipped with good filters. But in future, even such mild statements

**...all they remembered
was the smile**

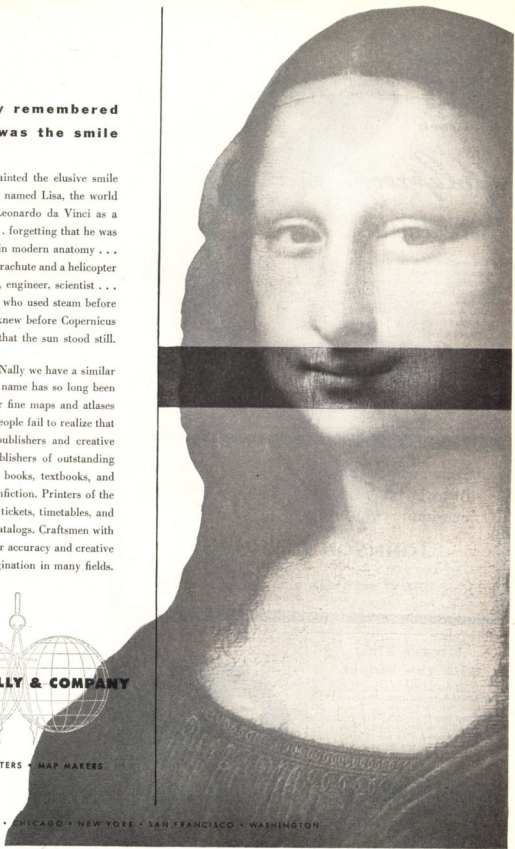
Because he painted the elusive smile
of a lady named Lisa, the world
remembers Leonardo da Vinci as a
great artist . . . forgetting that he was
a pioneer in modern anatomy . . .
inventor of a parachute and a helicopter
. . . architect, engineer, scientist . . .
the man who used steam before
Watt and knew before Copernicus
that the sun stood still.

At Rand McNally we have a similar
situation. Our name has so long been
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that many people fail to realize that
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will be barred from the *Journal* and eleven other A.M.A. publications.

After Jan. 1, the A.M.A. has decided, it will take no advertising for cigarettes or other tobacco products and smokers' aids such as filters. (At the same time it will drop ads for alcoholic drinks.) The main reason: members do not feel that the A.M.A. should take business from manufacturers who in the lay press cram their ads with medical claims. Also, there is the matter of the extent to which heavy and long-continued cigarette smoking can cause lung cancer. Cost to the A.M.A. in lost revenue: about \$115,000 a year.

Overzealous Doctoring

Doctors specializing in sterility problems can do as much harm as good, one of them number suggested last week. Dr. Eric M. Matsner of Beverly Hills, Calif. told fellow members of the American Society for the Study of Sterility: "In our attempts to be scientific . . . we may be overzealous, forgetting at times that we are dealing with troubled human beings . . . Infertile couples are not laboratory animals to be used for clinical research and experimentation; their case histories should not be taken by impersonal and involved questionnaires attempting to out-Kinsey Kinsey in thoroughness."

By doing too much, said Dr. Matsner, the well-meaning physician may defeat his own purpose. The taking of basal body temperatures for many months, daily vaginal smears and repeated tissue tests can provoke anxiety that leads to tension and to spasm of the fallopian tubes. "By the time a woman gets through with these tests," Dr. Matsner said, "she is so tense that conception is impossible. The poor girl is thinking of exact times and methods, instead of relaxing and letting nature take its course. The couple's sex life should not be regulated by the calendar or dictated by the physician."

Capsules

Birthmarks are twice as common on girls as on boys, two Albany (N.Y.) doctors report in *GP*, published by the American Academy of General Practice. As evidence that the birthmarks may be related to the female sex hormones, they note that the marks sometimes enlarge rapidly when a girl reaches puberty or during pregnancy.

Most diabetics can eat a "self-selected, unweighed and unmeasured diet" to suit their own tastes and appetites, even if a little sugar does appear in the urine, said Dr. Edward Tolstoi of Cornell University Medical School. His idea: daily insulin will control the disease, and a severe diet may impair the patient's metabolic processes instead of improving them. The mysterious poisons that appear in the bloodstream of severely burned patients and kill them several days after the original injury may not be so mysterious after all, two Army medics told the Association of Military Surgeons. They have evidence that the poisons are simply the result of infection with bacteria that defy even massive doses of antibiotics.



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"At the entrance to Machu Picchu in Peru, Jack said, 'What a perfect way to visualize early culture in the New World.' Hidden on a huge ledge between two peaks . . . surrounded by deep gorges and lofty mountains . . . vast deserted palaces, courts and temples tell their proud story."

*No Spanish Grandee
ever set foot
in this Inca city.
Gene and I stayed
overnight at the Inn,
saw the sunrise
at Machu Picchu.*



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South America! "

says MRS. JOHN C. BENNETT

"Recently Jack and I did something we'd been dreaming of for years. We flew 'round South America, down the East Coast and back the West."

"Each city we came to was marvelous—and so different. Our pictures give you an idea of the amazing sights we saw. I've identified each picture. The comments in handwriting are Jack's. We both agree that you really haven't *lived* 'til you've skycruised South America!"

Go one way, return the other

You can skycruise South America in as little as two weeks, see both coasts! You fly Pan American's *Super-6 Clippers** on the East Coast from New York to Buenos Aires. *El Interamericano* DC-6's from "B.A." to Miami via Panagra's West Coast route. Berths at modest charge.

First-class fare from New York is \$988²⁰ round trip in either direction. Similar fares from any major U.S.A. airport via Miami, New Orleans, Houston or Los Angeles. Savings up to 20% on tourist service by pressurized 4-engine planes flying 'round South America. Call your Travel Agent or Pan American.

*Trade-Mark, Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.



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Gene said the wonderful hotel service made her want to stay on and on.

"Montevideo delighted Jack and me. Here you see us at tea time in our luxurious room at the air-conditioned Victoria Plaza. That's Artigas, Uruguay's George Washington, on the horse."



"This shot of Jack buying me flowers in Buenos Aires makes me long to go back. The big, gay city reminds you of Paris, with sidewalk cafés, race tracks, night-clubbing. 'For once,' Jack tells people, 'I had all the steaks I could eat!' (And no worry about cost. Usually under \$1.)"

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WHEREVER THERE'S BUSINESS THERE'S

Burroughs



BASSO ROSSI-LEMEINI (CENTER) AS MEPHISTOPHELES IN METROPOLITAN OPERA'S "FAUST"
Like a wheatfield in a high wind.

Sedg LeBlanc

Faust First

Mephistopheles turned up in evening dress and top hat, instead of red tights. Marguerite did her hair in a high topknot instead of braids. Faust was a bumbling, bourgeois scholar working in a 19th century library (with high shelves and a step-ladder) instead of a bare Gothic study. Otherwise, Gounod's *Faust* was Gounod's *Faust*, and an old-reliable choice for the Metropolitan Opera's opening night this week.

Back to conduct, after an absence of 34 years, was 78-year-old Pierre Monteux, who will head the Met's French wing (*Faust*, *Pelleas et Melisande*, *Carmen*) this season. Nothing about the new production startled him; "Everyone knows all of it, no? The music, it is *très aimable*. There can be no surprises."

Although *Faust* is one of the Met's most popular shows,* it has not had its face lifted since Papa Monteux made his Met debut with it in 1917. So this year it got a \$75,000 rejuvenation: new sets and costumes by Rolf Gerard, new staging by Britain's Peter Brook, and a cast of the Met's brightest stars. Director Brook listened to the music carefully, decided that its sentimental tunes and melting harmonies belonged in a French romantic setting, despite the fact that Goethe's dramatic poem was laid in 16th century Germany. The result: a period piece, but in a different period.

Most impressive singing actor on the stage was a Metropolitan debutant, Italy's Basso Nicola Rossi-Lemeni (TIME, Oct. 15, 1951), who drew the meaty role of Mephistopheles. Elegantly brandishing his black sword-cane, he swaggered and leered his satanic way about the stage, and when he flourished his red satin cape, the villagers hit the floor like a wheatfield in a high wind.

* Only *Aida*, *Bohème*, *Lohengrin* and *Carmen* have had more performances.

MUSIC

Basso Rossi-Lemeni's singing was as commanding as his stage presence, though his voice was sometimes rough and low in resonance. He was surrounded by a cast of top singers who, if their voices were finer, made comparatively paler characters.

Soprano Victoria de los Angeles, though she is only 30, made a matronly-looking Marguerite, but her singing was faultless as a flute. For a man who has just been rejuvenated by the devil, Swedish Tenor Jussi Bjorling looked pudgy, but he sang with Gallic smoothness. Conductor Monteux, with no apparent effort, achieved a nearly perfect balance between orchestra and singers.

Fortnight before the opening, there

was a question whether the Metropolitan would open at all, when the orchestra held out for a new salary contract. Several "final offers" were made and rejected before the night was saved; the singers' union stepped in and helped work out a compromise.

With opening night safely under its belt, the company settled down to its annual routine. During the season it will present 22 operas from its repertory, eight of them new Bing stagings of recent seasons. Two more—Rossini's *Barber of Seville* and Wagner's *Tannhäuser*—will get completely new productions this winter, while five others will get a cut-rate (about \$10,000 apiece) reconditioning.

For the first time since Manager Bing took over, he is mounting no opera, old or new, that is novel to the present generation of Met-goers, although both Stravinsky's *Rakete's Progress* and Debussy's *Pelleas* are far from familiar fare. But the opera public seems happy enough with the repertory: before the first curtain went up, it had bought more subscription tickets than ever before.

New Records

To the rich and growing roster of recording labels in the U.S., two new and distinctly major labels have been added. Their names are Angel and Epic, both feature luxurious recorded sound, and U.S. record buyers are due to hear a good deal more of them.

The Angel label reflects the decision of Britain's big and prosperous Electric & Musical Industries Ltd. (which controls the catalogues of H.M.V. and British Columbia) to invade the U.S. market. With a wide-ranging selection of classical and modern music priced to meet U.S. list prices, Angel is offering its first imports this week. Among them: Ravel's *Concerto in G*, played by Pianist Marguerite Long (to whom Ravel dedicated it) and the Paris Conservatory Orchestra, the Bartok *Concerto for Orchestra*,



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played by London's crack Philharmonia Orchestra under Herbert von Karajan, and four Beethoven sonatas, played by Pianist Josef Gieseking.

The Epic label will bring to the U.S. another strong European catalogue controlled by Philips of The Netherlands. Unlike Angel, which is importing finished recordings, Epic imports master tapes, manufactures its records in the U.S. Epic's first releases concentrate on such symphonic war horses as Beethoven's *Fifth*, Schubert's *Unfinished* and Tchaikovsky's *Pathétique*, in performances by such orchestras as Amsterdam's Concertgebouw, The Hague and Berlin Philharmonics.

Other new records:

Copland: Symphony No. 3 (Minneapolis Symphony conducted by Antal Dorati; Mercury). A major work by a man who has done as much as anybody to establish a modern American style of concert music. The symphony is broadly conceived, includes a bubbling scherzo, and, by use of spacious, interwoven patterns, manages to give the effect of melody without ever quite stating one.

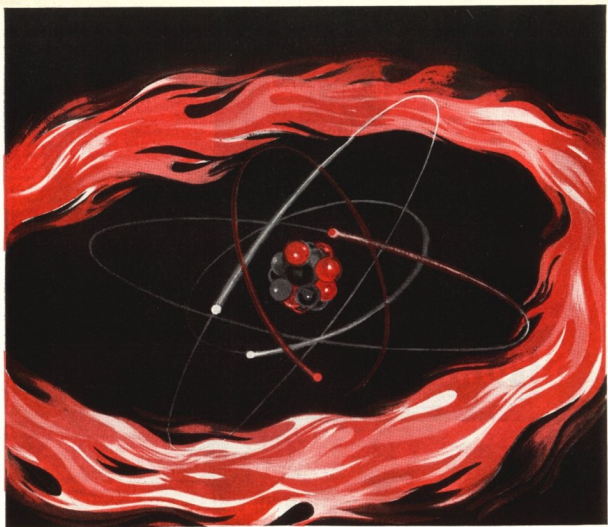
Honegger: Symphony No. 5 (Boston Symphony conducted by Charles Munch; Victor). A modern master in his most serious mood, Composer Honegger subdues his early musical trickery (as in *Pacific 231*) to make music of noble proportions.

D'Indy: Istar (Westminster Symphony of London conducted by Anatole Fistoulari; M-G-M). A symphonic striptease, this romantic score tells the story of a Babylonian maiden's visit to the house of death. As she passes each of its successive gates, she is stripped of a piece of clothing until she stands naked at the seventh. Suitably enough, the musical variations are stated in reverse, starting with the most complicated; at the end, the naked theme is heard for the first time.

Montoya (Cook). Eight flaming flamenco guitar solos by the gypsy master, Carlos Montoya. Each number, whether in reflective waltz tempo or a syncopated *Bulerias*, thrums the gamut from smooth seductiveness to bursts of passion. Carlos Montoya's finest recording.

Stravinsky: The Rake's Progress (Hilde Gueden, Blanche Thebom, Eugene Conley, Mack Harrell; Metropolitan Opera Chorus and Orchestra conducted by the composer; Columbia, 3 LPs). When this three-act opera had its first U.S. performances last season (*TIME*, Feb. 23), audiences had difficulty with its baroque mannerisms and supercilious satire. Without distractions to the eye, this excellent recording allows the listener to sit back and select his pleasures: some melodious arias, some fine choruses, and some of the world's most inventive orchestration.

Other noteworthy new releases: Beethoven's *Symphony No. 7* (Paul Paray and the Detroit Symphony; Mercury); Falla's one-act opera, *Master Peter's Puppet Show* (F. Charles Adler conducting the Vienna Philharmonia; SPA); *Great Arias from Bach's Cantatas* (Hildegard Rössl-Majdan and Hugues Cuénod; Bach Guild).



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SCIENCE

Fly's Instruments

Many important flight instruments are built around spinning gyroscopes, whose "rigidity in space" makes them try to keep pointing in a fixed direction. An instrument hitched to one or more of these gyros can tell how much the airplane is turning or canting, almost as if it were hitched to space itself. Similar gyros steer torpedoes and airborne guided missiles.

For most turn-sensing purposes, gyros work well enough, but they have serious faults. Neither the bearings on which they spin nor the gimbals on which they are suspended can be made entirely frictionless, and friction hurts their accuracy. So designers have longed for a turn-sensing instrument with no friction-plagued parts.

Last week the Navy permitted the Sperry Gyroscope Co. to tell about its "vibratory gyroscope," which uses vibrating parts that resist turning in somewhat the same way a gyroscope does.

The principle is not exactly new. It has been used by houseflies and other flying insects for perhaps 200 million years. Behind each wing a fly has small, ball-tipped rods that vibrate rapidly. If these "halteres" are cut off, the fly is like an airplane lost in a cloud with all its instruments out of order. It goes into a spin and crashes.

More than six years ago, Sperry engineers started to study fly flight (TIME, June 10, 1946). Then they set to copying flies' instrumentation. They fitted a tuning fork with electrical "drive coils" to keep it vibrating. When such a fork is turned on the axis running up through its stem, it alternately resists and helps the turning movement. This struggling of the fork can be transformed electronically into a current that shows how much the fork is being turned. Presumably flies have delicate nerves that make similar reports.

Sperry's artificial halteres are not yet perfected for use in the air, but they show exciting promise. Since they have no delicate bearings or gimbals, they can stand rough treatment, such as the violent acceleration forces of a guided missile darting into action. Even the rough prototypes can measure turning rates faster than 100 r.p.m. or as slow as the earth's rotation (half the speed of a clock's hour hand).

New Gadgets

Swindletron. Drs. Luis W. Alvarez and John R. Woodyard of the University of California are building a new-type atom-smasher that they call a "swindletron" because it seems to get something for nothing. At one end of a 6-ft. vacuum tube, protons (hydrogen atoms stripped of their single electrons) are shot at comparatively low speed (30,000 volts) through a thin, uncharged disk of aluminum foil. While passing through it, many of them pick up two electrons, becoming negatively charged hydrogen atoms. Next, they are attracted to a second disk of foil that is



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charged positively at 500,000 volts. By the time they hit it, they have acquired 500,000 volts of energy. While passing through the foil, they lose their electrons. Now they are positively charged again, so the positive charge on the foil repels them violently, adding another 500,000 volts to their energy. When they reach the far end of the tube, they have 1,000,000 volts, although only half that voltage has been fed to the swindletron.

Motion Recorder. General Electric has built a machine control that remembers how to make a complicated part. When the device is hitched to a milling machine, a skilled operator, following ordinary specifications, makes the first part. Each motion of the machine is recorded on a magnetic tape. When the tape is "played back," the machine repeats the motions and turns out a second part just like the first. The machine does not have to stop for such nonproductive motions as tool-setting, so it works twice as fast as when it is worked by hand.

Machine Stethoscope. When the cutting tool of a metal-working machine bites into metal, it makes a sound whose loudness is proportionate to the amount of metal removed. Around this effect, Minneapolis-Honeywell Regulator Co. has built a new "machine stethoscope." A small microphone measures the noise made by the tool, so that the machine operator can judge if it is cutting too deeply. M-H claims that it helps him work faster and with less fatigue.

Star Plotter. Astronomers think large thoughts, but astronomy also involves a tremendous amount of the duller kind of drudgery. The most tedious job is figuring out the true position of stars from their swarming images on photographic plates. The Watson Scientific Computing Laboratory at Columbia University has developed an electronic machine to do most of this task. An operator guides a photoelectric cell to a star image on the plate. The cell automatically finds the center of the image and punches holes in an I.B.M. card. Then an electronic computer observes the holes in the card, figures out the true position of the star in the sky and prints its coordinates in a star catalogue.

Strong, Sensitive Scale. The most accurate chemist's scales, those that use quartz fibers as springs, can weigh only tiny quantities. Scales big enough to handle good-sized samples are not nearly as sensitive. Last week Dr. Alsoph H. Corwin of Johns Hopkins University told about a scale that he has developed which is both strong and sensitive. Its beam teeters on a finely polished knife edge of boron carbide (almost as hard as diamond), resting on the same material. The edge is so sharp that the pressure on its minute bearing surface is 25,000 lbs. per sq. in. It must be handled with extraordinary care to keep this great force from blunting it. The scale will weigh loads as great as 20 gm. ($\frac{3}{4}$ oz.) to an accuracy of one part in 100 million. This means that while weighing an egg it can tell whether a particle of airborne dust has settled on it.

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SPORT

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All the University of Illinois had to do last week to cinch an invitation to the Rose Bowl was to defeat Wisconsin. Underdog Wisconsin, beaten in the Rose Bowl last year (and ineligible as a repeater to return this season), had nothing to gain but prestige. It turned out to be quite an incentive.

Illinois, undefeated and ranked No. 3 in the U.S. (after Notre Dame and Maryland), counted heavily on a pair of the ablest touchdown twins since Army's famed Doc Blanchard and Glenn Davis. They were Negro Sophomores J. C. ("Mr. Outside") Caroline, the nation's leading ground-gainer, who had already broken Red Grange's old Illinois yardage record,[®] and Mickey ("Mr. Inside") Bates, who was just two shy of Grange's 13 touchdowns in one season. Furthermore, the touchdown twins are able to switch their inside-outside roles. Wisconsin seemed to have little to offer except determination and a rugged fullback named Alan ("The Horse") Ameche.[†]

Illinois, with Bates and Caroline rolling up most of the yardage, scored early, but Wisconsin bounced right back. By half-time at Madison, the partisan crowd of 52,887 was roaring its acclaim for Ameche & Co., who had tied the score, then gone ahead 14-7. The touchdown twins never caught up. Leading ground-gainer of the

day, as Wisconsin salted the game away with three more touchdowns in the last quarter: Alan Ameche, with 145. Final score: 34-7.

At East Lansing, Mich., the Michigan State band happily saluted Illinois' upset by playing *On, Wisconsin!* Since Michigan State had just beaten its arch-rival, Michigan, 14-6, it had gained a likely tie for the Big Ten title and a chance for the Rose Bowl. At Norman, Okla., the University of Oklahoma downed Iowa State 47-0 to win the Big Seven title for the sixth year in a row, clinch an Orange Bowl bid, Oklahoma's probable New Year's Day opponent; second-ranking Maryland, which trounced Mississippi 38-0. Texas took over the top spot in the Southwest Conference (and a probable Cotton Bowl bid) by downing Texas Christian 13-3.

The upsets of the day saw undefeated West Virginia defeated by South Carolina 20-14, Georgia Tech beaten 13-6 by Alabama, and Princeton, aiming for its seventh straight Big Three (Yale-Harvard-Princeton) title, overturned in the last 23 seconds by Yale, 26-24.

The week's foregone conclusion: Notre Dame's easy conquest of North Carolina, 34-14, leaving the Irish still the No. 1 U.S. team.

Hard-Hunting Hounds

In England, fox hunting is a ready-made pastime. The tidy, trim fields and meadows offer running space for hound and horse, and tricky as the fox is, he cannot disguise his scent, which hangs

heavy in England's damp countryside. Transplanted to the U.S., the sport has become even sportier—for the fox—as was demonstrated last week at Fort Campbell, Ky., where some 700 hunters and 300 hounds gathered for the 60th National Fox Hunters' Association Field Trials. The 100,000-acre military reservation was tinder-dry with just .3 in. of rain since June; though both red and grey fox abounded, the U.S.'s top hounds had a terrible time following the trail.

Some of the hounds "babbled," i.e., bayed before the scent was picked up, and were promptly disqualified. Others were tossed out for "running cunning," i.e., working the wrong trail. Despite the dust that clogged hounds' noses and dissipated scents, the Futurity event (for pups whelped in 1952) was a success: two greys killed, a red cornered. The winner: Cornub Hill King, owned by Mrs. Clyde Smith of Peculiar, Mo.

In the grand-prize, all-age stakes, the hard-riding judges had trouble keeping up with the hill & dale scampering of the hard-hunting hounds. Owners gave chase, hopefully waiting for the moment when their hounds might "give tongue," i.e., lead or join the symphony of bays that signals a hot trail. The 15 judges were soberly concerned with keeping up with the leaders, marking the hounds on hunting, trailing, speed and drive, endurance. The panting hounds and horses (and judges) sometimes covered 35 miles a day in a five-hour chase.

The final of the three-day eliminations (in which the field was cut from 196 to 96) was the most exciting—and proved out a clear-cut winner: Eddie, a lop-eared black, white and tan hound owned by Frank Jacobs, an oil-rich Cherokee Indian from Oklahoma City.

One judge excitedly described the final hell-for-leather chase as "the greatest contest I have ever seen in a National . . . At times, the fox was less than six inches from Eddie's nose. The entire pack was driving hard, but Eddie managed to maintain his position until the fox holed." Eddie, whose grandsire, Ringmaster, won three straight Nationals (1938-40), helped prove the old adage that blood will tell by beating the runner-up 375 judging points to 220.

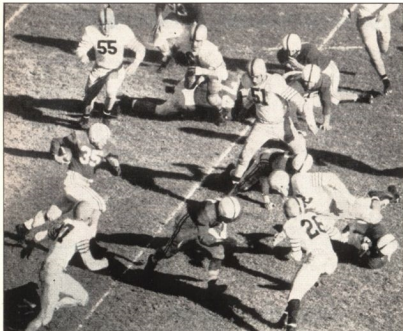
Scoreboard

¶ In Chicago, Welterweight Champion Kid Gavilan successfully defended his 147-lb. title by trouncing Chicago's Johnny Bratton in a lopsided 15-rounder. Gavilan's next objective: the middleweight (160 lbs.) championship, now held by Hawaii's Carl ("Bobo") Olson.

¶ In Manhattan, teams from the U.S., Canada, Britain and Ireland wound up the eight-day National Horse Show by jumping for the International Perpetual Challenge Trophy. The Irish won, but not before the men of all teams had been taught a lesson: the only rides of the evening officially judged flawless were turned in by two women, Canada's Shirley Thomas and the U.S.'s Mrs. Carol Durand.

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† Cousin to Cinemactor Don (Alexander Graham Bell) Ameche.



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THE THEATER

Four in a Row

This year's theater season at Manhattan's City Center is in effect a José Ferrer festival. Ferrer will star in all four bills — *Cyrano*, *The Shrike*, *Richard III*, *Charley's Aunt*. Opening with *Cyrano*, he retained all his old verve in the part: the play, too, holds up fairly well, though the swash buckles here & there.

New Play in Manhattan

Sabrina Fair (by Samuel Taylor) is a passable comedy of manners much enhanced by a polished production. Treating of the Long Island rich, it is also romantic comedy about a young lady with three suitors. The young lady (Margaret Sullivan) is a chauffeur's daughter, brought up



MARGARET SULLIVAN & JOSEPH COTTEN
She got hep in Paris.

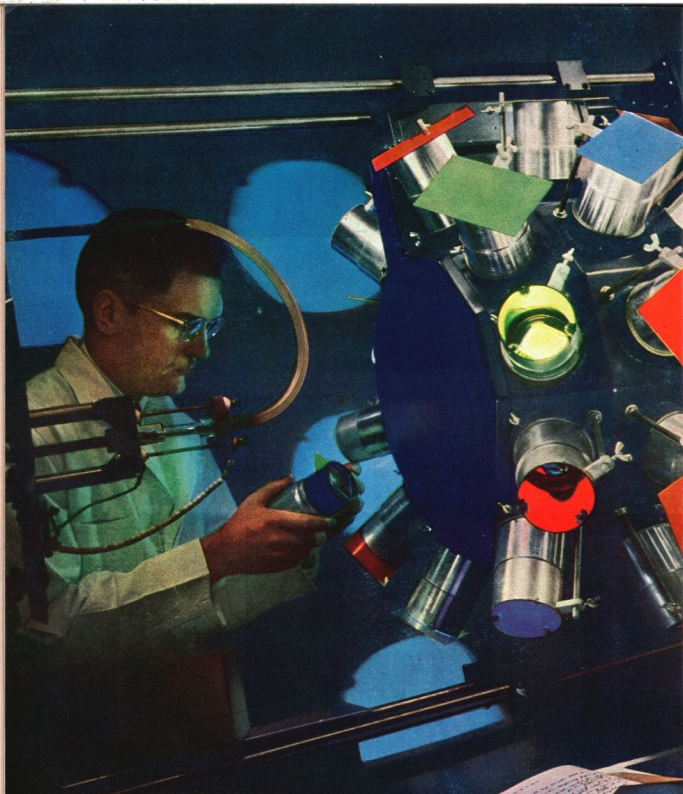
among two of her swains, and now back home, chic and socially hep, after working five years in Paris. Which man Sabrina wants is clear enough, but there is a family problem about his marrying beneath him, and a personal problem, since he does not want to marry at all.

Despite Actress Sullivan's adroitness and Joseph Cotten's ease, the romance seems pretty thin-spun and forced. As is so often true in drawing-room comedy, the secondary characters are the most fun. Mr. Cotten's Tory father (delightfully played by John Cromwell) seems a wittier cousin of the late George Apley, while Cathleen Nesbitt, as a great lady who purrs, and Luella Gear, as a career woman who drips acid, also add to the brightness.

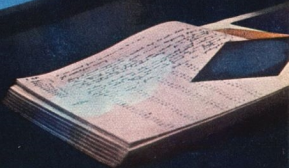
Playwright Taylor has a nice ear for lines, a sharp eye for manners. But his heroine never quite takes shape, and his plot seems too much without being enough. But if *Sabrina* is only fair, H. C. Potter's staging gives it a decided fillip.



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ONE thing that everyone seems to notice about this year's Chevrolets, Pontiacs, Oldsmobiles, Buicks and Cadillacs is the gay beauty of their colors.

But to come up with new and exciting colors isn't so simple as you may think. The body finish of an automobile needs to keep its beauty for years. It should withstand all ranges of temperature, sunlight, humidity, dew and the salt splash from winter streets.

So before a color can be adopted, it has to pass a lot of tests, just like other materials that go into any General Motors car.

And—in the search for ways to get better and quicker tests of quality—our GM engineers developed such machines as the one shown here, which duplicates the effect of sunlight, and even lets them test the effect of the

various spectrum colors one by one. This, of course, is in addition to our "paint proving ground" in Florida, where finishes are exposed to months of tropical sunlight.

How well do all these tests pan out? To answer this question, our engineers conduct an annual used-car survey, examining cars 1, 2 and 3 years old—both our own and competitive makes—for chalking, cracking, blistering and rust spots.

The answer is—year after year—GM car finishes have stood up better than those of other makes.

We have reason to believe that our 1953 car finishes, in lasting quality and beauty, are the finest we have yet produced. Another good reason why the key to a General Motors car is your key to greater value.

CHEVROLET • PONTIAC
OLDSMOBILE • BUICK • CADILLAC
All with Body by Fisher
GMC TRUCK & COACH



GENERAL MOTORS

"More and Better Things for More People"

Your tickets on the 50-yard line—General Motors TV College Football Game of the Week—Every Saturday, Sept. 19 through Dec. 5, and Thanksgiving Day. Check local paper for time and station.



He could be a
LIFE SAVER
to you!

MAYBE he can't swim a stroke. And he certainly makes no claim to be a hero. Yet he's probably been instrumental in saving life and limb on more than one occasion.

He's an agent of The Employers' Group Insurance Companies . . . and proud of it. He knows that policyholders like you get lots of loss-saving and even life-saving extras from the company he represents. Extras that don't appear on the policy. Know what they are?

For example, Engineering Service. An Employers' Group Engineer is within hailing distance of every U. S. city and town. His expert safety recommendations are part of the protection that is yours with your Employers' Group policy.

Your Employers' Group agent also represents the most prompt and efficient of Claim Service. All you have to do the minute you have an accident is to 'phone Western Union and ask for Operator 25. Anywhere in the United States that one simple act will bring an Employers' Group Claim Man on the run. It's in times of emergency that you find out what real insurance service like this can mean to you.

Rely on your Employers' Group agent and the great facilities of the company he represents. May we give you his name? Just write us.

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For Fire, Casualty and Marine Insurance or Fidelity and Surety Bonds, see your local Employers' Group Agent, The Man With The Plan

RADIO & TV

No Laughter, Please

The play, *Flamingo*, telecast on last week's *Danger*, was written by Steve Allen. The music for the, featured song, *Forbidden Love*, was composed by Steve Allen. The leading man: Steve Allen. Allen admits to even greater versatility: "I can play the tuba, make up songs from any four notes struck at random, and do a lot of stupid little things like a tap dance with my fingernails." In addition, Allen records bebop fairy tales, is writing a novel ("It's about the crackup of a marriage"), is working on a critical analysis of his fe'ow TV comics ranging from Milton Berle to Red Buttons, and is doing the words and music for a proposed Broadway musical. In his spare time, he



STEVE ALLEN
Ordinarily, a boa constrictor.

appears once a week on TV's *What's My Line?* and five times a week on the *Steve Allen Show* (weekdays, 11:30 p.m.) over Manhattan's station WNBC. Such wide activity has its problems. One of them: Allen finds it hard to figure out just how much money he is making: "Some weeks it's \$4,000, other weeks about \$2,200. Anyway, it comes out over \$150,000 a year."

Allen's best performance is given on the show seen by the fewest people, his 40-minute, late-at-night program telecast locally in New York City. In four months he has built up the same sort of fanatic following that once belonged to Jerry Lester and Dagmar. But, unlike the frenzied *Broadway Open House*, the *Steve Allen Show* is often relaxed to the point of torpor. Steve sits at a table, fidgeting with his mail, complaining about the public-address system, or asking unimportant questions of his off-camera crew. Sometimes he has his barber in to give him a



"Careful, you guys, don't waste a drop—that's Old Smuggler."

Old
Smuggler
BRAND
SCOTCH
with a HISTORY

IMPORTED BY W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, New York, N.Y.
Sole Distributors for the U.S.A.



Voices of Experience

An out-of-town visitor dropped into a mid-town bar just in time to hear a group of men exclaim in unison, "Careful, don't waste a drop!" "What happened?" he asked. The barman told him someone had just ordered an Old Smuggler and soda, and by way of further explanation pushed the bottle of Old Smuggler towards him. After reading the back label and learning how Old Smuggler gets its name, the visitor decided to try it. Didn't take him long to discover

why people never willingly waste a drop. Friends of Old Smuggler are cordially invited to write us interesting stories about Old Smuggler. Your letter will make you a member of "THE ANCIENT SCOTTISH ORDER OF OLD SMUGGLERS" and entitle you to a handsome membership certificate suitable for framing, illustrated in full color by Abner Dean—and inscribed with your name. Send your letter to—W. A. Taylor & Company, 2 West 46th Street, New York 36, N.Y. Dept. NY-3.

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For your Home, Office, Plant, School, or Church insist on the *EASY* way to make tape recordings—the RCA Push-Button Tape Recorder. Try It, Buy It at your RCA Dealer's.



RADIO CORPORATION of AMERICA
ENGINEERING PRODUCTS DEPARTMENT
CAMDEN, N.J.

haircut or has a meal served to him from a nearby restaurant. There is usually an interview, often punctuated by long, thoughtful silences and frequently marked by a rather insane literacy. (Sample: after listening to a seemingly endless sales message, Allen observed, "The foregoing commercial is now available on long-playing records.") Allen's pressagent, Jim Moran, is a weekly visitor, and he ordinarily arrives toting a stuffed bearcat or boa constrictor that he claims to have bagged while crossing Central Park to the studio. Allen ends each show with a visit to his studio audience for ad lib conversations. In startling contrast to most TV interrogators, he sometimes asks sensible questions and gets sensible answers.

Allen, 31, believes that most television watch shows only for the satisfaction of saying, "God, isn't that awful!" With this in mind, his aim is to "try not to bother people." He says: "It's more important to be liked or not to be hated than it is to be laughed at."

Shy Embrace

With all the hesitancy of a schoolgirl on her first date, the British government last week prepared to embrace commercial TV. But before anyone's hair could get mussed, the government laid down strict rules of conduct in a white paper:

- 1) All TV stations accepting commercials must be owned and operated by a public corporation similar to the existing British Broadcasting Corp.
- 2) The new corporation will sell time to private companies, and they, in turn, may sell advertising.
- 3) The corporation has the right to examine all scripts in advance, to forbid the broadcasting of "specified classes of matter," and to regulate advertising copy.
- 4) Commercials must be separate and distinct from the entertainment part of the program.

If approved by Parliament, the new system will probably be on the air and competing with the BBC by 1955.

Program Preview

For the week starting Friday, Nov. 20. Times are E.S.T., subject to change.

RADIO

Stage-Struck (Fri. 9 p.m., CBS). Guests: Deborah Kerr and John Kerr.

Theater Royal (Sat. 8:30 p.m., NBC). Sir Laurence Olivier in *Bartleby*.

NBC Symphony (Sun. 6:30 p.m., NBC). Conductor: Toscanini.

Freedom House Dinner (Sun. 10:35 p.m., ABC). Speeches by Harry S. Truman, Dag Hammarskjöld, Paul Hoffman.

TELEVISION

Football. (Sat. 4:15 p.m., NBC). U.C.L.A. v. Southern California.

Dinner with the President (Mon. various times, all networks). All-star show.

Steel Hour (Tues. 9:30 p.m., ABC). Eddie Albert in *Tin Wedding*.

Macy Parade (Thurs. 11 a.m., NBC).

Festival of Music (Thurs. 5 p.m., CBS). Annual Thanksgiving Day festival.



"Nix, Ed . . . couldn't be enough swag in there. They forget to use Angostura*!"

ANGOSTURA.
AROMATIC BITTERS
MAKES BETTER DRINKS

*P.S. Reach! For the Angostura, that is! In Manhattan, 2 dashes smoothly blend ingredients, properly accent flavor!

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Acid Indigestion, Heartburn

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CONTAIN NO SODA

Mothersills

The fast-acting
aid in preventing
and relieving
Travel Sickness.
for Adults & Children



THE WORLD OVER



◀Flight line work being done on B-52 tail. Tip is 48 feet above ground.

More eight-jet giants are on the way

The Boeing B-52 Stratofortress is a global jet bomber of remarkable, but as yet undisclosed, speed, capacity and performance.

More of these eight-jet giants of defense are on the way. Production models are now taking shape in Boeing's huge Seattle plant, where wings are being joined to fuselages. In addition, the airplane has been ordered into production at Boeing's

Wichita Division to provide a second source of B-52s. This action on the part of the Air Force is a result of the highly successful flight test program of the Stratofortress. It has proved that the aircraft is "ready for expanded production."

Boeing has invested much time and engineering skill in tooling up and getting the B-52 Stratofortress into production—for every hour spent in

careful preparation saves hundreds of man hours, and substantial sums of money, in turning out finished airplanes. Boeing's unequalled experience with large multi-jet aircraft is an important factor in its ability to produce the new plane.

The global B-52 bombers are guardians of world peace. The very fact of their existence is a powerful deterrent to attack.

Boeing integrity in research, design and engineering created the Stratofortress. You can count on Boeing to produce these great bombers economically and efficiently.

Boeing is now building a prototype jet transport, designed to be

adaptable for either military or commercial use. It will fly in 1954.

BOEING

Telling Voice

The most talked-of art critic alive today is France's frail, adventurous André Malraux. When his three-volume *Psychology of Art* was published in the U.S. in 1949-51, it was welcomed with raves—and a good deal of honest bewilderment. Wrote Critic Edmund Wilson: "It is hard to judge very brilliant books, which may dazzle, deafen and stun when they explode under our noses, but [this is] perhaps one of the really great books of our time." Malraux himself was not so pleased with the book; it suffered from poor organization and a turbulent, over-intricate style. He rewrote it as a one-volume work, *The Voices of Silence*, published in the U.S. this week (Doubleday; \$25).

The new book has some of the same faults as the old, but its 661 profusely illustrated pages glitter with sharp insight. Malraux has arranged them in four rambling essays, which cover the entire course of the world's art. The main theme of each essay is hinted by its title:

MUSEUM WITHOUT WALLS explores Malraux's thesis that art reproductions present mankind for the first time with a real view of the whole world's art. In reproductions, he writes, "miniatures, frescoes, stained glass, tapestries, Scythian plaques, pictures, Greek vase paintings, 'details' and even statuary . . . have lost their properties as objects; but . . . gained something: the utmost significance as to style that they can possibly acquire."

THE METAMORPHOSES OF APOLLO traces scores of stylistic influences, such as that of classical Greek sculptures on Indian Buddhas. To Malraux, style is all-important: "Painting centers much less on seeing the 'real world' than on making of it another world; all things visible serve style, and style serves man and his gods."

THE CREATIVE PROCESS elaborates Malraux's notion that art, not nature, is the true inspiration of art: "Just as a musician loves music and not nightingales, and a poet poems and not sunsets, a painter is not primarily a man who is thrilled by figures and landscapes. He is essentially one who loves pictures."

AFTERMATH OF THE ABSOLUTE starts with the premise that art has ceased to be mainly connected with religion: "The cult of Science and Reason [is] not just another metamorphosis of religious sentiment, but its negation." Modern painters, he adds, make art itself a sort of substitute for religion. "Modern art . . . does not sponsor any makeshift absolute, but, at least in the artist's eyes, has stepped into it—the absolute's—place."

The study of art has been only one of many vocations for Malraux himself. In his 20s he explored the archeological ruins of Indo-China and from 1925 to 1927 took part in the Chinese Revolution. In his 30s he wrote two famed novels, *Man's Fate* and *Man's Hope*; later he flew for the Loyalists in Spain. In World War II he was a leader of the Maquis, since then



CRITIC MALRAUX
In quest of the exalted.

has acted as adviser to General de Gaulle. Today, at 52, Malraux is working on a new novel.

The breadth of his experience has given Malraux a passionate humanism that contrasts vividly with the dry gripings of most critics. "A man becomes truly Man," he maintains, "only when in quest of what is most exalted in him . . . There is beauty in the thought that this animal who knows that he must die can wrest from the disdainful splendor of the nebulae the music of the spheres and broadcast it across the years to come, bestowing on them messages as yet unknown."



PAINTER PLEISSNER
Born to the tweed.

OGDEN Minton Pleissner seems born to the tweed. He has the cool eyes and calm hands of the sportsman, and he puffs a pipe as if it were part of himself. Duck, trout and partridge are Pleissner's meat; bourbon-on-the-rocks is his drink. He is equally at home in the uplands of Wyoming, in the Vermont hills, where he mainly vacations nowadays—and in his Manhattan studio. When Pleissner is not hunting or fishing, he paints pictures of a highly successful kind. This week 24 of his latest, including the watercolors opposite, went on view at Manhattan's Milch Galleries.

Portraits of Places. As usual, advance-guard gallerygoers thought Pleissner's new efforts completely uninspiring and dismissed them as so many picture postcards. Just as predictably, conservatives found the pictures worthy of comparison with Winslow Homer's and bought them up fast. What the buyers got were neither picture postcards nor Winslow Homers, but portraits of places, seen in various kinds of weather and rendered with immense technical skill.

Pleissner's artistic career was decided in 1916, when he was eleven and a friend gave him a paintbox "filled with all the colors in the world." After high school in his native Brooklyn, Pleissner spent four years studying figure painting and portraiture at Manhattan's Art Students League—and wishing he were out of doors. He has painted open-air pictures ever since. During World War II, Pleissner painted pictures of Aleutian bases for the Air Force and, later, of the Normandy breakthrough for LIFE, and developed the wanderlust that goads him today. Most of the watercolors in this week's show were first sketched on a recent tour of France.

Old-Fashioned Virtues. Pleissner explains his own art in primer-simple terms: "I get a big kick out of nature, the moods and changes of the year and the weather. Effects of light have a great deal to do with the mood, so I make small (7 in. by 10 in.) watercolor sketches on the spot, before the light changes too much. The full-size painting I make afterwards in my studio. Drawing is very difficult for me—I don't know a thing about perspective—and I draw on tracing paper first so as not to mess up the texture of the watercolor paper. I like the transparency of watercolor, the way the light hits the white paper and then bounces back at you through the paint. To keep that glowing effect I may have to start over on a painting two or three times."

Pleissner's main strengths as a painter are the same that make him an able sportsman: patience and firmness. These old-fashioned virtues, combined with a lively feeling for landscape, have made Pleissner one of the nation's bestselling artists and won his work wall space in no less than 33 public collections. Pleissner may never mount Olympus, but he roams a respectable foothill.

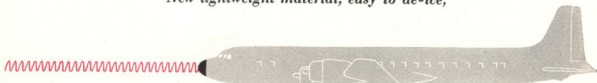


OGDEN PLEISSNER'S "THE TOWER, AVALLON"

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Problem, in airborne radar, to house instruments in a material which is easy to de-ice. Electro-thermal methods won't do. They affect the radar signal.

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can be forced. No metal. No electricity. No distorted radar signals.

Discovery of a better way to house radar is further proof of Douglas leadership in aviation. Light, tough Radome expresses a basic Douglas philosophy—*farther and faster with a bigger payload.*



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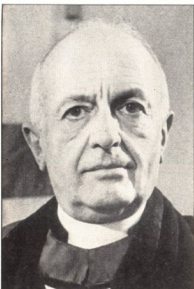
First in Aviation

RELIGION

Episcopal Pastoral

From Williamsburg, Va., where they had met in special session, the House of Bishops of the Episcopal Church issued a pastoral letter to their 2,545,000 church members reviewing "the state of the church today."

First, said the bishops, there are some causes for thanksgiving. Among them; the "steady and continuous" gain in the number of Episcopal communicants (1.72% in the U.S. between 1951 and 1952); the general increase in church membership in all denominations. But most of their words were devoted to Christian grounds of concern. Despite church gains, they warned, "the outlook for Christianity and



Walter Sanders—Life

BISHOP SHERRILL

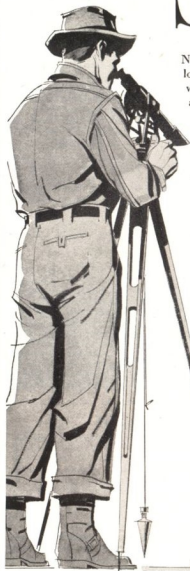
Between two totalitarianisms.

for the world from a Christian point of view has rarely been more serious."

"Communism, with its philosophy of materialism," the bishops said, is Christianity's greatest avowed enemy. But equally dangerous is "another form of totalitarianism which defies the state, expressing itself in various forms of national state socialism." The bishops suggested that the U.S. might have some unwitting state defiers behind recent "broad generalizations and accusations" against the churches—presumably those made by members of the House Committee on Un-American Activities. Said the bishops, quoting a speech by Presiding Bishop Henry Knox Sherrill: "We are against trial by uninformed public opinion, against accusations by hearsay . . . The church is equally opposed to what may be described as 'creeping fascism.'"

Other dangers to the church, as the bishops saw them: "The suspicion [in Asia and Africa] that Christianity is a creature of Western imperialism," and

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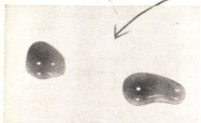
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Those are some of the unique qualities of Patapar Vegetable Parchment. No amount of soaking or boiling in water will weaken Patapar. And when it comes in contact with fats, grease or oils it resists penetration. One type of Patapar (27-21T) is so grease-proof that drops of oil will stay on the surface in little globules. They will not creep or seep through.

Solves many kinds of problems

Made from pure cellulose, Patapar is non-toxic and has no odor, no taste—nothing to impart "off" flavor. It makes a perfect protective wrapper for foods such as butter, bacon, hams, cheese, margarine, poultry, ice cream, celery, confectionery. In other fields it has such diversified uses as packaging oil machine parts, drafting paper, rubber mold liners, separator sheets for mercury batteries—and an endless variety of other applications.

If you would like more information and samples of Patapar for testing, tell us the use you have in mind. Write today.



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"the prevalence of racial discontent" in Africa, Asia and the U.S.

At home, the bishops found that the most serious problems of U.S. Christianity were faint hearts and secularized spirits. "One of the chief difficulties the church must face everywhere is nominal church membership. This is reflected in irregular church attendance, in infrequent communions, in perfunctory giving and in worldly living. Nearly one-half the people of the U.S. do not have so much as a nominal relationship to any religious body. . . . We have become anxious and worried, the victims of our fears—our fear of war, of military service, of insecurity and of Communism."

Their conclusion: "In the face of these perils and problems, Christians see clearly that the ultimate solution of the troubles and tragedies of this confused world is found in the Christian faith. No peace can be had, no concord established until men come to accept the truth of the Gospel. The call to the church is clear to tell the story of the redemptive life of Christ Jesus . . .

"Our task is not to adapt Him to the world but to convert the world to Him . . . Times of crisis are days of the Lord if God can find men and women who are ready and unafraid to speak His truth. Old, yet ever new, the church remains the instrument of God's loving purpose."

Reprieve

After a visit to Pope Pius XII, Cardinals Feltin of Paris, Liénart of Lille and Gerlier of Lyon announced a conditional reprieve for the French worker-priest program recently suspended by the Vatican (TIME, Sept. 28). Hereafter, worker-priests will be attached to parishes or traditional communities of priests, will no longer work full time at secular jobs—thus minimizing the chance that some of them, living by themselves in Red-tinted industrial areas, will be led astray by the Communism they set out to fight.

Joe the Baptist

Ventriloquists' dummies are generally manipulated for cheers and paychecks. The Rev. Loyd Corder, 37, of the Southern Baptists' Home Mission Board, has been using ventriloquism since 1942, but his art and his dummy, Joe the Baptist, are dedicated to religion.

Ventriloquist Corder and Joe average 70,000 miles a year, making the rounds of Baptist churches and organization meetings in 19 states. Among Baptist young folk, the large-eyed Joe is as popular as Charlie McCarthy ever was. His master finds that the ventriloquist's dialogue approach is a strikingly effective way of driving home his sermon messages.

Last week Baptists Joe and Corder, working out of their Atlanta headquarters, gave sermon performances as far away as Shreveport, La. Sample dialogue:

Corder: Now Joe, if you were going to be a foreign missionary, what kind of foreign missionary would you rather be?

Joe: A foreign missionary on furlough.

Corder: I know, but I mean would you

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DIVIDEND ON COMMON STOCK

The Directors of Chrysler Corporation have declared a dividend of one dollar and fifty cents (\$1.50) per share on the outstanding common stock, payable December 11, 1953 to stockholders of record at the close of business November 17, 1953.

B. E. HUTCHINSON
Chairman, Finance Committee

Atlas Corporation

33 Pine Street, New York 5, N. Y.

Dividend No. 48 on Common Stock

A regular quarterly dividend of 40¢ per share has been declared, payable December 21, 1953 to holders of record at the close of business on November 30, 1953 on the Common Stock of Atlas Corporation.

WALTER A. PETERSON, Treasurer
November 5, 1953.

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WITH NEW 1953 SUPPLEMENT

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2227 pages, 8,000,000 words, 70,000 articles,
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More business firms have standardized on
GF 1600-LINE DESKS *than any other in the world*

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As a matter of morale, each desk in the office should be as satisfying as a GF 1600-Line desk. Smart gray finish with rounded anodized aluminum trim. Smooth Velvolum top for an eye-
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Drawers never stick. Joints can't loosen. Edges won't splinter. Locking mechanism is foolproof. Papers cannot slip behind drawers. Drawers can't fall out accidentally when fully extended. And the 4-leg construction provides full foot freedom, allows easier floor-cleaning, increases sanitation, saves floor space.

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rather be appointed for China, Japan, Africa, or where?

Joe: I reckon I'd rather be appointed for China.

Corder: Why?

Joe: They couldn't send me over there.

Corder: You know we have a lot of Chinese people in this country.

Joe: Yeah, too many of them.

Corder: Well, I don't see how you could be a missionary to China if you're not willing to associate with Chinese.

Joe: Well, then, I won't be a missionary to China. I guess I'll be a missionary to—Africa.

Corder: I'm glad you're interested in Africa. You know we have 15 million people of African descent here in this country.

Joe: Yeah, I wish they'd all go back to Africa.

Corder: Now Joe, the fact that somebody happens to have a different color of



Jay B. Leviton

MISSIONARY CORDER & PARTNER
A mighty strange attitude.

skin, or speak a different language, doesn't mean that he's inferior.

Joe: Maybe he's not inferior to you, but he sure is to me.

Corder: That's a mighty strange attitude.

Joe: No, it's not at all strange. There are a lot of people who have that attitude.

Corder: But what I mean is that it's not a Christian attitude.

Joe: Maybe it isn't Christian, but it's a church-member attitude.

Corder: Well, ah, Joe, I don't think I'd say that if I were you.

Joe: I know you wouldn't say it. You'd be afraid to say it. . . .

Besides using Joe the Baptist to point up such ticklish Christian problems as race relations, Corder draws a lesson from the fact that Joe can do nothing by himself. Says he: "We are all like Joe . . . All of us depend on God for all that we do. Without God we cannot amount to much, but if we let God take the controls of our lives and speak through us, then we can amount to something . . . I hope that God has talked through me and through Joe."



Standing Invitation to sit out a Shower

WHEN the rain comes down hard, golfers are glad to find a friendly shelter house like this. Overhanging eaves provide good protection against wind and rain. Benches don't sag. And there's ample room for seventeen people to sit in comfort.

Golfers like the kind of shelter houses Koppers makes — and so do club officials. Houses have a rustic beauty that blends with the landscape of any golf course. They require no painting. Repairs are practically nil; houses will last *three to four times as long* as ones made of ordinary wood. That's because a chemical preserva-

tive, forced deep into the wood, protects it against termites, weather and decay.

Koppers Pressure-Treated Shelter Houses are shipped as a complete unit (all hardware and lumber included). They are pre-cut. Two men can easily erect a shelter house in three or four days.

Koppers specializes in making wood last longer. Whether you want to protect shelter houses or fence posts, telephone poles or railroad ties, you can count on Koppers. Write us about any of your problems with wood. Koppers Company, Inc., Wood Preserving Division, Pittsburgh 19, Pennsylvania.



PRESSURE-TREATED WOOD

Another Koppers Product

Pressure-treatment of wood is just one way in which Koppers serves industry and you. Koppers also designs and constructs coke ovens, rolling mills and blast furnaces. It produces chemicals from coal. It manufactures industrial fans, plastics, roofing and paving materials.

KOPPERS COMPANY, INC., PITTSBURGH 19, PENNSYLVANIA*



JAMES CROW SHIPS A BARREL OF WHISKEY TO HENRY CLAY

The pioneer Kentucky distiller took great delight
in receiving orders from distinguished men of his day who considered Crow's whiskey

the finest made

OLD CROW

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey

There is an obvious reason for the enormous popularity of James Crow's whiskey...unchanging Kentucky quality. In 118 years Old Crow has never deviated from its original standards. It is available today in an 86 Proof bottling and in the world-renowned 100 Proof Bottled in Bond.

"The Greatest Name in Bourbon"



Old Crow

The favorite bourbon of Daniel Webster, Mark Twain and Henry Clay now available in two great bottlings!

In response to public demand, the greatest name in bourbon now offers a lighter, milder, 86 Proof bottling at a lower price—as a companion to its world-famous 100 Proof Bottled in Bond!

If you've always preferred a lighter, milder taste in bourbon than 100 Proof Bottled in Bond, you can now enjoy it in world-renowned Old Crow. Ask for



the 86 Proof bottling, which is now on the market as a lighter, milder companion to the celebrated Old Crow Bottled in Bond.

As you know, the distinguished history of Old Crow parallels the exciting history of our great republic. More than a century ago James Crow's famous whiskey elicited high praise indeed from the important men of his day—and men of every social station who had a taste for truly fine bourbon.

Carried by pack mule, shipped by "iron horse" and by clipper ship, Old

Crow was enjoyed from coast to coast. It was one of the wonders of America revealed to Charles Dickens when he visited here. And whether it was poured from an elegant decanter in Boston, a plain clay jug in Kentucky, or from its original barrel far out in the Territories, the ambrosial delight of James Crow's bourbon made it the most sought-after whiskey in the nation.



Today, over a century later, it is equally in demand. And, with this announcement, it will be even more sought-after.

Whether you prefer the lighter, milder 86 Proof bottling, or the superb 100 Proof Bottled in Bond, do as

Daniel Webster, Mark Twain and Henry Clay did in the past. Ask for Old Crow, and you will drink the finest Kentucky bourbon ever put into glass.



☆☆☆

NOW—TWO GREAT BOTTLINGS!

86 PROOF Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey

Celebrated Old Crow—lighter, milder and lower-priced than the 100 Proof Bottled in Bond

☆☆☆

BOTTLED IN BOND 100 PROOF Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey



The most famous of bonded bourbons available at retail

Why the Golden Empire's future is bright...

It's no wonder the eight states of the Golden Empire look to the future with such confidence. And that includes us, too.

For these states—all served by S.P. (see map)—are so richly diversified in their manufacturing, mining and agriculture, that each activity acts as a cushion for the others, smoothing out the ups and downs that could otherwise dislocate the economy of the area. Thus, the area as a whole continues on a steady upgrade.

Let's look at some of the reasons for our confidence:

In the first place, there are more than 32,000 different firms doing a tremendous variety of manufacturing in these eight states. Next, add the area's greatly diversified \$3,479,167,000-a-year agricultural industry which covers everything from avocados to zucchini.

On top of that is the Golden Empire's huge supply of raw materials, great natural resources and the industries they create—mining, mineral and chemical production, lumbering, etc.

Now let's look at population growth and its significance. In 1940 there were 18,467,411 people in the Golden Empire. In 1950 this population had grown to 24,781,993—and it's still going strong. Department of Census predicts a population of about 32,450,000 by 1960.

This means an increasingly large and important market for goods—and, perhaps more important, a greatly expanding and permanent labor pool for the additional new industries that are coming.

So naturally S.P. looks to the future with confidence. One significant proof is this: Since the war a total of \$646,000,000 has been invested in the newest and most efficient equipment and facilities—further evidence of our continuing determination to give the Golden Empire the finest transportation in America.

We can help you. If you plan to expand in our territory, we invite you to use S.P.'s confidential industrial service. Write W. W. Hale, Vice President, System Freight Traffic, Southern Pacific, 65 Market St., San Francisco 5.

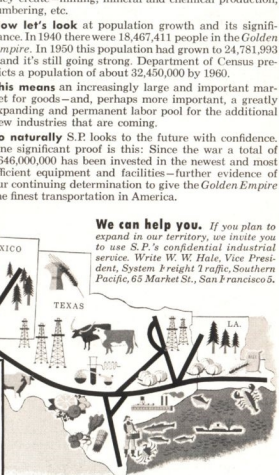
Here's what happens when new industries locate on S. P. lines

An average of two more industries, requiring spur track facilities, have been locating on S.P.'s lines every day—that's 14 new ones a week. Now, Government studies show that an average industry employing 50 people supports 300 to 400 people.

Of course, not all the firms locating on S.P. lines conform to this average, but we think it's a reasonable yardstick to use.

So here's a picture (based on Government studies) of what this added activity does for business in one short week:

14 MORE INDUSTRIES = PER WEEK	{	LIVELIHOOD FOR	4,200 PEOPLE
		NEED FOR	1,000 HOMES
		PURCHASE OF	1,400 AUTOS
		SUPPORT OF	140 STORES
		WITH \$2,450,000 IN SALES	
		A TAX FOUNDATION OF . . .	\$11,000,000
		A MARKET FOR PRODUCTS OF 14,000 ACRES	



SOURCES: Statistical Abstract of the U.S., Dept. of Commerce, 1952; Bureau of the Census, Dept. of Commerce, 1950; Agricultural Statistics, Dept. of Agriculture, 1952.



D. J. RUSSELL, President, HEADQUARTERS: SAN FRANCISCO • HOUSTON

EDUCATION

The New Front

Social Scientist David Riesman of the University of Chicago is no man to deny that there are enough irresponsible attacks upon U.S. colleges and universities to raise the hackles on any intellectual's neck. But in their loud protests, do the intellectuals always help their own cause? In a lecture at Mills College, Riesman answered no. In Riesman's opinion, intellectuals "tend to overestimate the monolithic power of reaction."

Can You Top This? All too often, says Riesman, "intellectuals take delight in telling each other atrocity stories about America. [But] the naming of evils, intended as a magical warding-off, can have the opposite effect. It is easy to imagine a group of academic people or civil servants sitting about in the hot summer of 1953 and swapping stories about who got fired from the Voice of America because he subscribed to the *Nation*, and how So-and-So was not rehired at Benton College because his wife had once joined the League of Women Shoppers—each capping the other's whopper of the reactionary menace. What is the consequence? A stiffening of spines? A clearing of the mind and will for action? I doubt it. . . . Intellectuals who . . . choose to regard themselves as being victimized, contribute to the very pressures they deplore. These pressures are not nearly so strong as alleged: thinking them strong helps to make them so"

"The reaction of many intellectuals to Stevenson's defeat may be taken as an illustration of my point about their real strength, despite their professed weakness In their despair, they neglected the impressive fact that their man . . . had garnered 26 million votes against one of the most appealing candidates ever put up, and in spite of all the inherited handicaps of the Democrats. When, since Wilson first won in a three-way race, have intellectuals had it so good?"

The Big Scramble. "From the Hiss case we may perhaps date the beginning not only of the excessive power and renown of many Johnny-come-lately anti-Communists, but on the other side, what might be thought of as a new united front in some liberal colleges and universities, admission to which is gained by denouncing 'witch hunts' and refusing to cooperate with them In some colleges, professors who testify before the Velde or Jenner committees with dignity and restraint (often educating committee members in the process, as Hiss so notably failed to do) are slandered as appeasers. To the extent that Communists, by such tactics, can get non-Communists to claim the Fifth Amendment, they too can pass off their men as martyrs to principle."

"This is the general confusion that let Odysseus out of the giant's cave, and in the scramble, the real ethical problem—to what extent one should tell the committee, not about oneself, but about others—is obscured. The very term 'witch hunt' is obscurantist"

The **Captive Audience.** "Another curious kind of situation arises when the question of the books one uses in teaching comes under the scrutiny of an investigating committee. One of the general education courses in the College at Chicago was criticized by the Broyles committee of the Illinois legislature because it assigned the Communist *Manifesto* and other writings by Marx and Engels. Before that, some of us had felt these works to be inappropriate for the particular course . . . but ever since the investigation, the *Manifesto* has been frozen into the course. To replace it now would be regarded as a symbol of knuckling under . . . and we and our stu-

ents—



WIDOW COLLETT & NEW BLUE HOLE SCHOOL
It's what's inside that matters.

Ben T. White

dents have become to that extent a captive audience.

"While perhaps a majority of students in this course find Marx dull . . . a minority feels called upon to speak up for or about Marx . . . I hesitate to put students into a position where they must make such a choice . . . but would prefer to have them select their Armageddons at their own time and place."

Something from Aunt Sarah

In the tiny (pop. 100) community of Blue Hole, tucked away in the Clay County mountains of Kentucky, everyone knows Widow Sarah Collett, and everyone calls her "Aunt." She is a kindly, grey-haired woman of 75 who has so many kinfolks in town that she can claim to be the grandmother, great-aunt, or at least a cousin of every boy and girl in the local one-room school. It was only natural that, with all her relatives, Aunt Sarah should be worried about the school.

It was nothing but a drafty old shack set up on rickety stilts. It was so dilapidated that when a new teacher arrived last fall, she took one look at it and hurried away to Cincinnati. Last month all 30 pupils went out on strike. They would

not return, they said, until they got a new building.

Blue Hole parents petitioned state officials in vain for a new school. The superintendent said that their problem was "a local affair" and referred them to the county board. The county said that it could not build a new school because there was no land available with a clear title, and the old site on the mountainside was too dangerous. Then, one night, a great storm blew up. Next morning the old schoolhouse was a pile of lumber at the bottom of the creek, and there was still no prospect of a new one.

At that point, Aunt Sarah decided that something would have to be done. "My children," said she, "ain't got no learnin', and I shore want my grandchildren to get some." So Aunt Sarah gave Blue Hole the most valuable thing she had in the

world besides her house—half an acre of land with a clear title. The county promptly announced that it would start building a new school at once, and last week, as the walls began to rise, Aunt Sarah found herself a celebrity. When reporters arrived to interview her, they found her shuffling happily about, her wrinkled old face wreathed in smiles. "I don't look too good," said she, as she smoothed down her tattered sweater. "But it don't matter how a person looks just as long as they are all right inside."

How to Eat Cake

Through the big doorways of a white auditorium at Claremont, Calif. (pop. 7,000) one day last week, the presidents of three thriving colleges—E. Wilson Lyon of coeducational Pomona, Frederick Hard of Scripps College (for women) and George Benson of Claremont Men's College—filed in solemn procession for a special ceremony. As they do every two years, the three were meeting to proclaim which of them would serve as next provost of a fourth college, the Claremont Graduate School. This year, it happened to be President Hard's turn to take over; but the ceremony itself involved more than

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of this Christmas
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*Plus Tax

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an exchange of titles. It was all part of an experiment that exists nowhere else in the U.S.

The man behind the experiment is a goateed, retired Congregational minister named James Arnold Blaisdell. Last week, at 85, he was too tired from a round of fund raising to attend the ceremony, but he was nevertheless there in spirit. As founder of the Associated Colleges at Claremont, he still lives on the common campus, still chugs about in his 1934 Plymouth to offer advice to all who seek it. "After all these years," says one Claremont official, "Dr. Blaisdell is still the elder statesman of our world here."

Dine Together. When Congregationalist Blaisdell first arrived at Claremont in 1910, he moved into a world that was anything but prosperous. Pomona College, which he took over, was a dingy, debt-ridden place with an enrollment of 300 and only five buildings. Blaisdell immediately set to work writing alumni for funds. He made speeches, broadcast the name of Pomona across the state. By the end of World War I, Pomona had 750 students and more applicants than it could handle. It was then that Blaisdell made his decision: instead of allowing Pomona to grow into one big campus, he hit on the idea of an Oxford-like association of small colleges. "There are a lot of students," says he, "who profit most by sitting on the other end of a log with a great teacher. But you can't have that in a large school. No college should be larger than the number of people who can dine together."

In 1925 Blaisdell opened the Claremont Graduate School right next to Pomona. That same year Miss Ellen Scripps, half-sister of the newspaper tycoon, became so enthusiastic about his idea that she gave him the first of many gifts (\$500,000) to start a college for women. Finally, in 1947, the association opened the college for men.

Share Alike. Today the four colleges share the same auditorium, the same medical services and the same 270,000-volume library. But though students at one campus may take courses at any other, each college maintains its own character. Scripps has a basic three-year humanities program in which each subject explores the same century at the same time. The graduate school stresses the social sciences ("We want to become in the social sciences," says one official, "what CalTech is in the physical sciences"), and the men's college puts its emphasis on government and economics. Each campus has its own endowment, and each can boast of having one-third of its faculty in *Who's Who*.

From his tiny clapboard house, old Dr. Blaisdell has watched the associated colleges grow into a community of 73 buildings. Instead of 300 students, Pomona now has 1,000; the men's college has 330, and Scripps and the graduate school have more than 200 each. But such statistics are of only secondary importance to Blaisdell. "What we have here," says he, "are all the advantages of a large university and all the advantages of the small school. We have our cake and eat it, too."

DEWAR'S "White Label" and Victoria Vat SCOTCH WHISKIES

Famed are the clans of Scotland
...their colorful tartans worn in glory
through the centuries. Famous, too,
is Dewar's White Label and
Victoria Vat, forever and always a
wee bit o' Scotland in a bottle!

*Dewar's
never varies!*

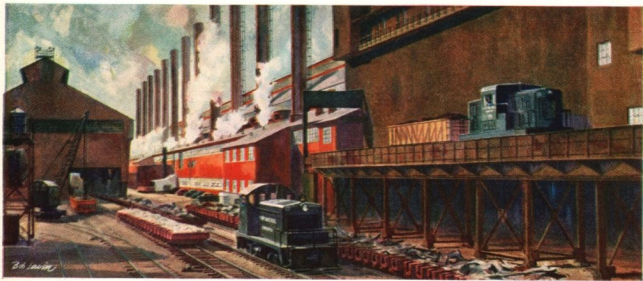


Piper at parade rest
Clan Wallace Tartan

This is National Steel



A winning team of seven great divisions



GREAT LAKES STEEL CORPORATION—Located at Detroit, Michigan, this unit of National Steel is the biggest steel maker in that important industrial area. Its complete facilities, from blast furnaces and coke

ovens through to finishing mills, enable Great Lakes Steel to furnish a wide range of industries with a large volume and variety of standard and special steels, including the famous N-A-X High-Tensile steel.



WEIRTON STEEL COMPANY—Here is the world's largest independent manufacturer of tin plate, with mills at Weirton, West Virginia, and Steubenville, Ohio. A pioneer in the electrolytic process of coating

steel. Weirton operates the world's largest and fastest electrolytic plating lines. An extensive variety of other steel products are manufactured in plants that are among the most modern in the industry.

Few industries require the tremendous raw material reserves and operating facilities that are essential in steelmaking. For America to be amply assured of this indispensable metal, the nation's steel companies must provide for the distant future as well as today.

In building for tomorrow, National Steel has consistently followed a long-term program designed to keep its capacity and its products in step with the nation. Its mines, ships, furnaces and mills are among the largest and most modern in the world. This year, National Steel will achieve an annual steelmaking capacity of 6,000,000 tons—an increase of more than 50 per cent since the end of World War II.

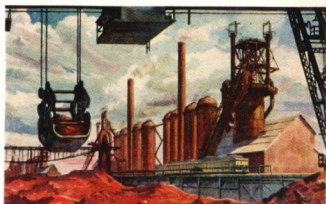
Here, then, is National Steel—a team of seven great divisions perfectly coordinated to produce highest quality products. Completely integrated, entirely independent, National is one of America's most progressive steel producers.



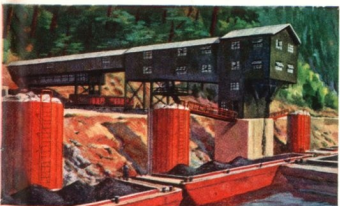
STRAN-STEEL DIVISION—A unit of Great Lakes Steel, with plants at Ecorse, Michigan, and Terre Haute, Indiana. Originator and exclusive manufacturer of the famous Quonset buildings. Other principal products include Stran-Steel Long-Span buildings, Stran-Steel nailable framing for the building industry and Stran-Steel flooring for trucks and truck trailers.



HANNA IRON ORE COMPANY, Cleveland, Ohio—Iron ore properties and mines in Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan. In addition, National Steel is participating in the development of the important new iron ore field in Labrador-Quebec, where great iron ore reserves will augment the future supply of this vital raw material—the basic ingredient of steel.



THE HANNA FURNACE CORPORATION—Blast furnace division of National Steel located in Buffalo, New York. Its four furnaces augment the pig iron production of National Steel's eight other blast furnaces in Detroit, Michigan and in Weirton, West Virginia. In addition, this division is a leading producer of all grades of merchant pig iron for foundry use.



NATIONAL MINES CORPORATION—Coal mines and properties in Pennsylvania, West Virginia and Kentucky, supplying metallurgical coal for National's needs. Resources have been further expanded by acquisition of a substantial interest in two large mining operations in the Pittsburgh area.



NATIONAL STEEL PRODUCTS COMPANY, Houston, Texas—One of the foremost steel distributors in the Southwest, serving a seven-state area. The huge plant and warehouse—a Quonset structure fabricated by the Stran-Steel Division—provides five acres of floor space under one roof.

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GRANT BUILDING



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AN INDEPENDENT COMPANY OWNED BY MORE THAN 19,000 STOCKHOLDERS



Breath of life...for you

How additional oxygen brings welcome relief
—helps your doctor help you



TODAY OXYGEN HELPS MANY SICK PEOPLE GET WELL. Oxygen is so important because it is a vital key to metabolism—the marvelous process that enables our bodies to convert food into strength, health...even life itself.

FREQUENTLY NEEDED—In many illnesses, one can't get enough oxygen from the air he breathes. Then his doctor prescribes additional oxygen. In modern hospitals oxygen is piped to beds from a central supply. It can also be provided for easy administration in the home.

PLEASANT TO TAKE—Oxygen helps relieve labored breathing...reduces the strain on an overloaded heart or congested lungs. It has no odor or taste, and seems

like fresh air after a hot, stuffy room. It is welcomed by the patient. The family, too, can observe the quick relief it brings.

READILY AVAILABLE—Oxygen is a principal product of the people of Union Carbide. They provide oxygen and other gases from the air for science and many industries that serve you.

FREE: Doctors, nurses, and others interested in hospital administration are invited to write for an informative handbook on oxygen therapy. Ask for booklet M.

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PRESTONE Anti-Freeze
UNION Carbide
EVEREADY Flashlights and Batteries

NATIONAL Carbons
ACHESON Electrodes
BAKELITE, VINYLITE, and KRENE Plastics

MILESTONES

Born. To Virginia Mayo, 30, wide-eyed blonde cinemactress (*Devil's Canyon*), and Cinemactor Michael O'Shea, 47 (*Fixed Bayonets*): their first child (his third), a daughter. Name: Mary Catherine. Weight: 7 lbs. 3 oz.

Married. Marjorie Jackson, 22, Olympic women's 100- and 200-meter dash champion; and Peter Nelson, 22, member of Australia's Olympic cycling team; in Lithgow, Australia.

Married. Randolph Adolphus ("Randy") Turpin, 25, British middleweight boxing champion; and Gwyneth Price, 27, daughter of a Welsh farmer; he for the second time, she for the first; in Wellington, England.

Married. Jacques Piccard, 31, Swiss deep-sea diver, who, with his famed father, Auguste Piccard, descended to a record 10,330 feet in a steel "bathyscaphe" into the Tyrrhenian Sea (TIME, Oct. 12); and Mary Claude Maillard, 24, a piano teacher; in Lausanne, Switzerland.

Divorced. By Eleanor Parker, 31, cinemactress (*Detective Story*, *Scaramouche*); her second husband, Hollywood Producer Ber Friedlob, 41 (*The Star*); after nearly seven years of marriage, three children; in Santa Monica, Calif.

Divorced. Sonny Tufts, 42, hulking (6 ft. 4 in., 220 lbs.), blond cinemactor (*Swell Guy*, *Glory at Sea*); by Barbara Lorayne Tufts, 40; after nearly 15 years of marriage, no children; in Hollywood.

Died. Iles Brody, 54, author of the gossip, bestselling biography, *Gone With the Windsors*; of a coronary occlusion; in San Francisco.

Died. Lieut. General James Tillinghast ("Nuts") Moore, 58, oldtime (since 1921) aviator, who led the First Marine Air Wing in the Southwest Pacific in World War II, and later commanded all Marine aircraft in the Pacific; of a heart attack; in Columbia, S.C.

Died. Alfreda Theodore Strandberg Morse, 63, Tin Pan Alley lyricist who collaborated with her composer-husband, the late Theodore Morse, produced some of the nation's oldtime popular favorites (*Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here*; *Siboney*); in White Plains, N.Y.

Died. Dr. Herbert Eugene Ives, 71, noted physicist, who first developed and demonstrated television (1927), color television (1929), three-dimensional movies (1933) and photo-transmission by wire (1924); in Upper Montclair, N.J.

Died. Metropolitan Makary, 87, Presiding Archbishop of the Russian Orthodox Catholic Church (membership: 30,000); in Manhattan.

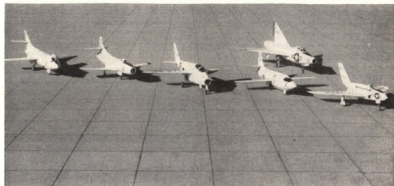
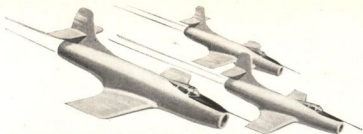


Photo courtesy of Aviation Week

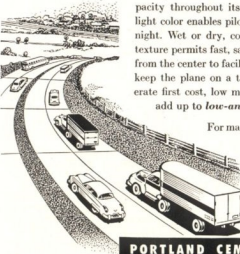
Jet Planes...and Modern Highway Traffic Need CONCRETE

The most advanced experimental planes yet developed in America are shown above parked on a concrete apron at Edwards Air Force Base in California.

Only concrete withstands jet plane conditions. Other pavement is damaged by spilled hydrocarbon fuel, softened by the intense heat (up to 3000° F.) and blown away by the terrific force (1200 mph) of the blast coming out of the jet engine tailpipes.

In addition concrete can be designed accurately for any wheel load—and keeps its load-carrying capacity throughout its long service life. Concrete's light color enables pilots to see better, especially at night. Wet or dry, concrete's gritty, skid-resistant texture permits fast, safe stops. Its low crown (slope from the center to facilitate drainage) helps the pilot keep the plane on a truer course. Concrete's moderate first cost, low maintenance cost and long life add up to **low-annual-cost** service.

For many of these reasons concrete is best for modern highways. It can take today's loads. Its safety features help reduce accidents. Its **low annual cost** saves money for motorists and taxpayers.



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A national organization to improve and extend the uses of portland cement and concrete . . . through scientific research and engineering field work

BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

No Parking Here

General Motors Corp. announced last week that it will sell \$300 million in debentures next month, partly to finance a "high level" of corporate expansion. For giant G.M., which has already spent \$1½ billion for new plant and equipment in the last four years, the announcement meant that there will be no letdown in the company's growth program. The issue will be the biggest industrial offering ever made to the U.S. public, and will represent the first long-term debt G.M. has had since 1949, when it retired the last of its notes.

G.M. apparently was little concerned over talk of recession and the fact that the gross national product (total value of goods and services produced in the U.S.) turned down in the third quarter of this year for the first time since the end of 1949. The Commerce Department reported that the G.N.P. was at the annual rate of \$369 billion during the three months, down \$3.5 billion from the preceding quarter, but still \$24 billion higher than a year ago. Main reason for the drop: businessmen cut down buying for inventory. However, consumer spending remained at the high annual rate of \$231 billion, the same as in the second quarter.

There were other signs of continued boom. Retail sales in October were 6% higher than in September, and 1% above the level a year ago. Oil-company executives, meeting in Chicago, estimated that the industry's expansion next year will equal or exceed this year's \$2.8 billion in capital outlays. And Government economists predicted construction will reach a whopping \$34 billion in 1954, just a shade under this year's alltime high of \$34.7 billion.

Sales of passenger cars in 1954, said Chrysler Corp. President Lester Lum Colbert, will reach 5,000,000 "and perhaps several hundred thousand more." Said "Tex" Colbert: "The big overwhelming reason for optimism is that the whole economy is at the beginning of a great era of growth, not at the end. . . . Economic progress, once it gets rolling, never finds a place to park and rest."

Gold to the Rescue

Like a man trying to fill a glass of water to the brim without spilling a drop, Treasury Secretary George Humphrey last week turned in a neat performance with the national debt. The Treasury's recent offering of \$2 billion in seven-year 2½% bonds went so well that Humphrey permitted it to be oversold by \$240 million. With the market for Government borrowings beginning to tighten up for the first time in many weeks, Humphrey did not know when he would be able to sell bonds at such a low rate again.

But when the bonds were issued last week, they brought the federal debt just \$25 million under the \$275 billion limit,

so close that the debt could easily spill over. So Humphrey dug into the Treasury's "free gold"—the profit realized in 1934 when President Roosevelt devalued the dollar (by increasing the price of gold from \$20.67 to \$35 an ounce). Using \$300 million of the \$1 billion left in the hoard, Humphrey bought U.S. securities from the Federal Reserve System and cut the debt by \$500 million.

But Humphrey's balancing act is far from over. From here on, he can keep under the limit only by cutting into the



SECRETARY HUMPHREY
Not a drop was spilled.

Government's cash balance. For flexibility in paying the Government's bills, Humphrey likes a cash balance of \$6 billion, spread out in banks across the country. But with spending beyond receipts between now and year's end, the cash balance (which includes the free gold) will dwindle to around \$2 billion, the minimum the Treasury needs to operate. One of the first jobs of the new Congress will be to raise the debt limit.

RETAIL TRADE

How to Start a War

Crosley got into the color TV race last week. It has been licensed to manufacture the "Chromatron" color tube invented by Nobel Prize winner Ernest O. Lawrence and developed by Paramount Pictures Corp.'s TV labs. Crosley said it already has a pilot line turning out the new tube on a limited scale, and promised a wide range of advantages for its new product:

large, rectangular pictures, excellent color definition and easy mass production.

Though Crosley was careful to say that full mass production is still a long way off, the announcement added to the confusion over color that has the industry groggy. The public, thinking that color TV is just around the corner, has shied away from buying black & white sets, and sales have dropped alarmingly. TV dealers are so overloaded that Westinghouse last week chopped prices 28% to 40% on all 21-inch models, and RCA Victor announced a "customer-protection plan." If color TV comes on the market by Jan. 1, 1955, RCA will allow an 80% credit towards a color TV set on every black & white model sold from now on.

The fact is that TV makers feel that sizable production of color sets is at least a year away. No sets are expected to come on the market before mid-1954, and the total industry production is estimated as low as 50,000 and no higher than 200,000 sets the first year. Even then, the bottom price will be around \$800, or four times that of bestselling models of black & white sets.

How to Stop a War

Faced with a price war in Portland, Ore., the Safeway chain last week hit upon a surefire way to fight competitors selling coffee and cigarettes at cut rates. "Does your P.T.A., church, lodge, club, or charity need money for Christmas?" asked Safeway in five-column newspaper ads. "Here is your chance to make easy money." Safeway offered to pay \$1.57 a carton for cigarettes, which could be bought at \$1.45 at price-cutting stores, and 83¢ a lb. for coffee, which the price cutters sold for 69¢.

After the 45 Safeway stores in the Portland area repurchased "large quantities of cigarettes and coffee," the war ended as competitors raised their prices to Safeway's levels.

FOREIGN TRADE

A Word for Low Tariffs?

Dwight Eisenhower had hardly taken office ten months ago when he faced the first test of his "trade not aid" policy. On his desk was a recommendation from the Tariff Commission that he boost the import duty on low-priced briar pipes. Eisenhower, wanting more time and information, sent the recommendation back to the commission for further study. Last week he turned down the proposal.

It is true, said Ike, that the U.S. briar pipe industry is in a slump. Sales of pipes have dropped from 20.7 million in 1948 to 14 million, and employment and production are down. But the slump was not caused by foreign imports; they have increased by only 2,000,000. Said the President: "It seems apparent that the major part of this loss has been due to decline in consumer demand. . . . In re-

TIME CLOCK

cent years, there has been a clear and sharp decrease in pipe-smoking in this country."

While the President gave no hint that his action on pipes might be a key to overall Administration trade policy, low tariff advocates were encouraged.

Monsanto Chemical Co. has resigned from the National Association of Manufacturers because it thinks N.A.M.'s "present stand on free trade is detrimental to the chemical industry." Though N.A.M. directors take no official stand on tariff reductions, Monsanto objected to a recent speech in which President Charles R. Sligh Jr. said: "The U.S. should work at a long-term tariff policy that will encourage the foreign producer to . . . compete intelligently in our markets over here." Said Monsanto Vice President Francis J. Curtis: "A complete removal of tariffs . . . would cripple Monsanto," since the company would be unable to compete with cheap foreign chemicals.

CORPORATIONS

From Corn to Gas

Deep in the Illinois farm country, 150 miles south of Chicago, more than 200 industrialists, bankers, engineers and newsmen gathered at little (pop. 3,000) Tuscola last week for the dedication of a \$50 million, 500-acre petrochemical plant. Where corn stalks had rustled only two years before, giant cylindrical storage tanks marched row on row; instead of silos, towering fractionation columns glistened in the sun. The new chemical complex to make dozens of products from natural gas was startling in another way. It is 60% owned by the second-largest U.S. liquor company—National Distillers Products Corp.*

National Distillers has found no revolutionary way of extracting such whiskies as Old Taylor, Old Grand-Dad and Old Crow, or any of the company's 55 other liquor brands, from natural gas. But National's President John Edward Bierwirth does think he has found a way to make National grow faster by expanding outside of the liquor business. In the four years since Bierwirth became president, National has put \$82 million into the chemical industry. The Tuscola petrochemical plant, owned jointly with Panhandle Eastern Pipe Line Co., is its biggest chemical investment to date. From natural gas, the plant each year will pour out 20% of the nation's supply of synthetic alcohol, used in hundreds of products ranging from synthetic rubber and explosives to photographic film and DDT; 200 million lbs. of ethylene; 50 million lbs. of ethyl chloride, for tetraethyl lead in high-octane aviation gasoline; 140,000 tons of sulphuric acid. In addition, Tuscola will soon have a \$7,000,000 ammonia

STEEL denationalization in Britain is a big hit. In twelve days, the United Steel Companies, Ltd., first to be sold back to private investors (TIME, Nov. 9), got applications for 40 million shares of stock, almost three times the shares offered.

HOTELMAN Conrad Hilton, who has recently been cooking deals like popcorn (TIME, Nov. 9), plans to build a \$6,000,000, 400-room luxury hotel in Cairo. The Egyptian government and Misr Bank will put up the money, give Hilton a 20-year lease.

PACKARD, a notable holdout for a straight-eight engine, plans to abandon it for a V-8 in its 1955 models. General Motors will also switch to V-8s for its two lowest-priced lines—Chevrolet and Pontiac.

HERBERT Bergson, trustbuster for the Truman Administration from 1948 to 1950, was indicted by a federal grand jury in a test of the "conflict of interests" statute, the first criminal indictment under the law. The charge: Lawyer Bergson represented three companies (Minnesota Mining & Mfg. Co., the Carborundum Co. of Niagara Falls and United States Pipe Line Co.) in actions before the antitrust department in 1951, after having acted against them while a trustbuster. The law prohibits a former federal official from representing clients with "claims" against the Government for two years if he was involved in the matter while in office. Maximum penalty on conviction: a year in jail and \$10,000 fine.

ATOMIC-bomb plants are improving their efficiency so fast that the AEC has canceled the proposed \$26 million Spoon River assembly plant that Thompson Products was to operate near Macomb, Ill.

LOCKHEED has had such success with experiments for a supersonic, pilotless craft that it is setting up a separate Missiles Systems Division to work full time on the project. Chief of the department: Lieut. General Elwood ("Pete") Quesada, 49,

plant and a \$14.5 million plant for producing polyethylene, the tough, flexible plastic that goes into squeeze bottles, poker chips, etc. (TIME, May 11).

Wine & White Rock. Though he is a banker by trade, Valem Bierwirth, 58, has amazed the liquor industry by his daring. A first lieutenant in World War I, he spent ten years with a contracting firm before joining the New York Trust Co. as a vice president in 1929. He was made president in 1941. Four years ago, when National Distillers' longtime boss, Seton Porter, was looking around for a successor, Bierwirth took the \$150,000 job on one condition: that National would go heavily into chemicals, which he considered the most promising field in industry.

Before going far into new fields, however, Bierwirth found that he had to get

commanding officer of the Ninth Tactical Air Command in World War II, who worked on missiles before retiring from the Air Force in 1951.

ETHIOPIA, landlocked until 1952, when it got two big ports in Eritrea through federation, will soon have the start of a merchant fleet. A Dutch shipbuilding firm has orders for four seagoing tugboats.

BROADCASTS from the world's mightiest radio transmitter will start from the Cascade Mountains northeast of Seattle this week by the U.S. Navy. RCA built the \$14 million, 1,200,000-watt transmitter that can cut through signal-scrambling magnetic storms, reach any U.S. surface ship on earth.

SEC is streamlining its rules and procedures to make life easier for businessmen. It has simplified the rules for competitive bidding in underwriting, clarified the accounting rules for consolidated corporate-tax returns, and cut down the reports required from companies.

STUDEBAKER is running against the trend of 1954 auto prices. With both Chrysler and Nash cutting prices on some new models and Hudson staying at this year's level, Studebaker this week upped prices by as much as \$105 on its de luxe models.

TOBACCO companies may soon be allowed to sell cigarettes without the familiar blue tax stamp on the package. A new Internal Revenue Code, going to Congress in 1954, is expected to leave it up to the Treasury to decide how specific excise taxes should be paid. Tobacco men, who now pay the tax at the time of manufacture, tying up millions of dollars, want to pay the tax after the cigarettes are sold.

UNEMPLOYED workers may get a boost in unemployment benefits. Unions are complaining that current rates, from \$5 to \$33 a week, are too low, and the Department of Labor is surveying the problem.

National out of some unproductive old lines. One such was the White Rock Corp., another was Italian Swiss Colony Wine Co. (TIME, April 27); a third was Henry H. Shufeldt & Co., which processed glacé fruits as well as maraschino cherries and olives for dunking in National's liquor. Bierwirth sold them and all the rest, realizing \$3,000,000 over their book value.

"If You Had Money." National's first big move into chemicals was to build an \$11.5 million plant for producing metallic sodium and chlorine at Ashtabula, Ohio; with sales of \$8,500,000 a year, it now has the highest profit margin of any National division. Next, Bierwirth paid \$6,700,000 for a 25% interest in U.S. Industrial Chemicals, Inc. (industrial alcohol, antifreeze, resins, etc.), has since merged the company with National. He then bought

* Largest: Schenley Industries, Inc.

FOREIGN GOODS

Why They Can't Compete in the U.S.

MANY Europeans are convinced that, if U.S. tariffs were eliminated, they could earn the dollars they need in trade, not aid. Many Americans are just as convinced that, without tariffs, cheap foreign goods would flood the U.S. and wreck many U.S. industries. But if all tariffs were removed, would cheap foreign goods flood into the U.S.? The answer is probably no, unless foreign businessmen drastically change their selling tactics.

One reason is that cheap foreign labor is usually offset by low productivity and lack of capital needed for investment in efficient plants and machines. Removing tariffs would certainly help foreign producers. But the main obstacle to big volume sales of foreign goods in the U.S. is the nature of the American market place itself.

A basic condition of selling in America is that goods must be sold in large quantities than most foreign manufacturers are prepared to produce. The backbone of foreign industry is small and medium-sized plants, whose entire output would not warrant the large investment in promotion needed to sell in the U.S.

Foreign producers get another shock when they discover that the cost of distributing goods in the U.S. is considerably higher than in Europe. And because the American market is so big and active, the seller must make more noise with ads to be heard at all. Many foreign producers are reluctant even to whisper.

The U.S. market also holds another terror: it is the most fiercely competitive market in the world. It is almost an axiom abroad that any mass-produced article that could be sent to the U.S. is being efficiently produced by American competitors. While U.S. producers thrive on competition, most foreign businessmen shun it. Thus they tend to concentrate on basic commodities, semi-finished goods for special industrial use, or national specialties unlike any produced in the U.S.—Scotch whiskey, British woolsens, French wines or Belgian lace.

The American market is also the most demanding in the world. American consumers have high standards for the products they buy, and many foreign products must be completely redesigned to conform to their wants. British textile weavers, accustomed to making cloth 36 inches wide, found that American patterns required it to be at least 39 inches wide. Some other sellers have made the necessary changes. But most foreign producers

still see no reason why they should adapt their products to American wants, even if they could afford the expense. It is hard for them to accept the rule that in the American market place the buyer is king.

Foreign businessmen also feel that the American market is unpredictable and fickle. At home, customers are faithful to their traditional suppliers; the European producer is aghast at the casualness with which the American consumer is ready to leave one supplier for another who comes along with something brighter, cheaper—or better.

Thus, the American market seems treacherously unstable to foreigners. What is in demand one day may not be the next. Therefore, many foreign producers are reluctant to expand their sales in the U.S., even when there is a strong demand for their products. One Dutch manufacturer of tea sieves, whose products made a big hit with U.S. housewives, nevertheless refused to enlarge his production for fear the market might dry up. Many fail to expand because their sights are set lower than U.S. manufacturers, and the small market they already have seems big to them. Others, not without reason, believe that if they build up too sizable a market for their products, bigger American companies will start competing and squeeze them out—or pressure Congress to raise tariffs.

Actually, the fundamental reason why most foreign goods cannot compete successfully in the U.S. is that selling in the U.S. involves big stakes, and big stakes mean big risks. Few foreign producers are willing to take the gambles American producers accept as a matter of course. The constantly changing demands of U.S. consumers can only be met by investment in new products and more efficient production methods that will lower prices. Foreign producers willing to meet such terms prosper, tariffs or no. British auto producers, for example, have shrewdly pushed sales of sport cars, something Americans wanted but did not have; last year they sold 31,243 cars in the U.S., far more than any other foreign country. The big lesson producers abroad must learn is that the main cause for failure to sell in the U.S. is not just high tariffs. It is the fact that foreign producers fail to study the market and use American methods to give the American consumer what he wants. Those who have recognized this are selling in the U.S. market despite tariffs; those unwilling to do this will find it hard to sell in the U.S. even if all tariffs are eliminated.

a 20% interest in Intermountain Chemical Corp. (soda ash), and for \$4,500,000 bought Algonquin Chemical Co., Inc. (caustic soda, sulphuric acid, chlorine).

One day in 1951, Bierwirth asked Vice President Robert E. Hulse, National's chemical chief: "If you had money and wanted to go into the chemical business, which branch of it would you pick?" When Hulse answered "petrochemicals," Bierwirth went upstairs from his Manhattan office at 120 Broadway to see an old friend, William G. Maguire, chairman of Panhandle Eastern Pipe Line Co. Within half an hour they made a deal to set up a jointly owned company, National Petro-Chemicals Corp. They picked Tulsa, Ill. as the plant site because it is a



John Stewart—President

NATIONAL DISTILLERS' BIERWIRTH
He threw out the cherries and olives.

key junction of Panhandle Eastern's pipe lines from the gas fields of Texas, Oklahoma, Kansas and Louisiana.

Bierwirth's move into chemicals has already begun to pay off for National. Sales are up from last year, and net before taxes for the third quarter hit \$6,600,000 v. \$4,500,000 a year ago (after-tax earnings showed a smaller rise). Chemicals, which now account for nearly 25% of National's \$470 million annual sales, will probably account for 35% next year. Eventually, chemical production is expected to account for more than half the company's profits.

PERSONNEL

Changes of the Week

Harmon Whittington, 54, took over as president of Houston's Anderson, Clayton & Co., Inc., world's largest cotton merchants (1952 sales: \$892,733,355), succeeding Lamar Fleming Jr., 61, who moved up to chairman. Whittington, who got into the cotton business because it seemed as if cotton buyers had to work only a few months of the year, started



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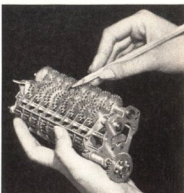
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with Anderson, Clayton at 18 as a stenographer, rose to salesman, branched out into foreign operations, and has been executive vice president since 1945.

Frederick Russell Kappel, 51, took over as president of Western Electric Co. Inc., American Telephone & Telegraph's manufacturing and supply company, replacing Stanley Bracken, 63, who stepped up to chairman. Kappel, who worked his way through the University of Minnesota ('24) waiting on tables and playing the trap drums in a dance band, started with the Bell System by digging holes, setting poles and stringing wire. He climbed up the pole through engineering and operating departments, and in 1949 took over as boss of A.T. & T.'s Long Lines Department. Shortly afterward, he became vice president in charge of Bell operations and engineering.

AVIATION

Curtiss-Wright's Comeback

When Roy T. Hurley took over as president of Curtiss-Wright Corp. in 1949, he made only one promise: "I'll put a price tag on every operation in our shop." Curtiss-Wright needed such tags. The company, once the biggest in the aircraft industry, had been forced to shut down 16 of its 19 engine, propeller and air-frame plants. Last week Hurley demonstrated what he meant by price tags; in Curtiss-Wright's Wood-Ridge, N.J. engine plant, he showed off a faster and cheaper way of making engines by means of a new "automated" assembly line, the most advanced in the aircraft industry.

Instead of building engines the old expensive way by sending men off to stockrooms for each part, Wright now puts everything on conveyor belts to move engine parts to the workers, as in the auto

industry. The line, said Hurley, who learned his business as a top Ford production executive in Detroit, takes up 42% less space than the old way, cranks out engines twice as fast at two-thirds the cost.

\$1 Billion Feast. At present, Hurley uses the new line only for the 3,500-h.p. Wright Turbo-Compound piston engine, which powers the Fairchild Packet, Lockheed Super Constellation and Douglas DC-7. But Hurley wants to use it for all Curtiss-Wright's new and secret family of jets and turboprops. There are two new Air Force turboprops, the T-47 and T-49, under tight security wraps: both are re-



PRESIDENT HURLEY
 Half and half.

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CAST IRON

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ported to turn out more than 12,000 h.p. Curtiss-Wright is also testing a jet engine of great power called the J-67, which develops well over 15,000 lbs. of thrust.

Though Curtiss-Wright has a backlog of almost \$1 billion in orders, President Hurley is taking no chances in the feast-or-famine airplane business. A full 30% of his backlog is civilian business, and he is not concentrating on engines alone. Curtiss-Wright is making electronic equipment, textile spindles, windshield wipers, precision clutches, and diesel engine governors. A plastics division makes household gadgets, nylon-molded gears, wheels, and bushings for automobiles. Says Hurley: "Eventually, I would like to match our military business with civilian business, dollar for dollar."

The Big Leagues. The dollars have been pouring in during the past three years. In 1949, Curtiss-Wright did \$128 million worth of business; this year the figure will soar well over \$400 million, and profits have more than tripled to \$9,000,000. Roy Hurley has another way of figuring his company's economic health. With the new assembly line and better tools, each of the 20,000 workers at Curtiss-Wright's Wood-Ridge plant will turn out \$14,000 worth of engine a year. Says Hurley, "That's just about what the auto companies like General Motors get from their men. It means we're in the big leagues."

GOODS & SERVICES

New Ideas

Tire Talons. For better traction, faster starts and safer stops on icy roads, B. F. Goodrich Co. brought out a truck tire with 5,000 tiny steel claws embedded in the tread. The steel will last almost the life of the tread, says Goodrich, and will result in only negligible road damage. Price: about 10% above regular truck tires.

Simple Sticker. Chrysler Corp. announced a new industrial cement that needs only fingertip pressure to stick two surfaces together, but is strong enough after hardening to withstand pressures up to 10,000 lbs. per square inch. Replacing adhesives that are applied with heavy pressure or heat, the cement is used by Chrysler to join brake linings to shoes.

Portable Powerhouse. A lightweight (101 lbs.), four-cylinder, 25½-h.p. gasoline engine, which, its makers claim, packs more power per pound than other water-cooled engines, was put on the market by the Aerojet-General Corp., bossed by former Navy Secretary Dan A. Kimball. The engine is for industrial, farm and home workshop use. Price: \$269.

Margarine Substitute. To meet margarine competition, Omaha's Roberts Dairy plans to put on sale a spread made entirely of dairy products (e.g., butterfat, milk solids), but at a price about halfway between butter and margarine. Named Vadall, it looks and smells like butter, has only one-fourth the butterfat content.

Upgraded Box-Toppers. After a survey showed that 85% of those who eat Grape-Nuts Flakes are teen-agers or older, the



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UNITED STATES STEEL

Post Cereals division of General Foods Corp. upgraded its premium appeal; it enclosed patterns for early American "antiques." Designed to capitalize on the do-it-yourself trend, the patterns include: a Williamsburg shelf, Pilgrim footstool, courting mirror, tulip knife box, Pennsylvania wall box and a cradle.

Sedan Wagon. Hudson Motor Car Co. brought out the "Jet" sedan, which can be converted into a station wagon by taking out the back seat and dropping the partition between the rear seat and trunk. Price: \$1,665, plus taxes and delivery.

Traveling Secretary. For traveling businessmen, Travel Talk, Inc. put coin-operated Dictaphone machines into trial operation in Cleveland and in London, Ont. For 50¢ the user can dictate into the machine for 15 minutes, gets a Dictabelt record and a stamped, air-mail envelope to send it to the home office for transcribing. Travel Talk expects to have 2,000 machines installed within two years.

Bug Finder. An X-ray machine that shows up tiny insects in stored grain was announced by du Pont. Using the machine, one man can inspect 80 grain samples a day, v. 25 to 50 samples with the old method of cracking open kernels and floating the particles in mineral oil or gasoline. Price: \$2,300 for X-ray unit and dark-room equipment.

BUSINESS ABROAD

The Great Frame-Up

All over Britain last week, workmen were using a strange new construction material that looked amazingly like sections of a toy Erector set and worked much the same way. The material was the Dexion Slotted Angle, a slotted steel strip bent to form a right angle and designed to be bolted on to other strips ad infinitum. Ever since it went on sale five years ago, it has been used as the frame for everything from waste baskets to cradles for huge water towers. Among its most enthusiastic buyers is the U.S. Air Force, which uses it on air bases in England and North Africa in parts racks, filing cabinets, plane-boarding ramps and platforms for servicing aircraft. In Burma, native soldiers sleep on bed frames built of Dexion, and in India the government is considering using it in slum-clearance projects. Last week enough Dexion to frame 20 three-room houses and a twelve-bed hospital was en route to earthquake-stricken Greek islands to replace ruined buildings.

"Mr. Why." This great frame-up against such conventional building materials as wood and concrete is the brainchild of Demetrius Comino, a 50-year-old Greek-Australian turned Briton. Comino himself has capitalized mightily on both ingenuity and opportunity since he went to England in 1920 to study engineering. He got into the printing business, naming his company Krisson, Ltd., after the ancient Greek word for better. He soon was making it live up to the claim. While a partner ran the plant, Comino spent his time making efficiency studies and asking



DEXION AIRCRAFT PLATFORM
First better, then right.

so many questions that employees nicknamed him "Mr. Why."

Dexion was the answer to one of Comino's questions: How can you build storage racks for paper and type that could be knocked down quickly and reused? By 1947, Comino's experiments had resulted in Dexion (the ancient Greek word for right). As a framing material for construction, Dexion is stronger for its weight than wood, can be stored in 6% of the space needed for two-by-fours, and when bolted together needs no cross beams or supports to hold large weights. Labor savings in construction run as high as 75%. Sales were soon so brisk that Comino opened a new factory in northwest London and three other shops around the city. By last year Dexion's gross had shot up to more than \$2,800,000 annually.

Periodically, Comino's enthusiasm for efficiency breaks out in plant-wide campaigns in which employees are asked to submit reports analyzing their jobs. Comino regarded one such report—on how to sweep the floor—as such a "masterly" study that he eventually upped its 16-year-old author from apprentice to production manager.

Houses for \$850. Though Comino has continually enlarged his London plants, built a new factory in Belgium and licensed Chicago's Acme Steel Co. to manufacture Dexion in the U.S., he has never been able to catch up with demand. It will take years to exploit Dexion's biggest market, housing. A three-room house, like the experimental models shipped to Greece, could be erected in 160 man hours by inexperienced labor, using tin roofs and asbestos-board walls on a Dexion frame. Comino believes that he could sell it profitably in England for only \$850. Using such native materials as wood, adobe brick or stone in backward areas, Comino believes that it would be even cheaper.

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CINEMA

The Crowded Prairie

The horse opera has changed since the good old days (Buck Jones, Tom Mix) when a cowboy preferred his horse to a girl. Today's westerns are different. As a result of the success of *Shane* and *High Noon*, Hollywood last week was busy with no less than 22 variations on the same theme. Some of them:

¶ *Hondo* (Warner Bros.) is a Shane-type hero played by John Wayne. Says Producer Robert Fellows: "There is a reminder of *Shane* in this picture, but it is . . . just a coincidence. However, we purposely did alter the horse-opera formula a little. It is dangerous to monkey with westerns . . . Every time someone has taken too great liberties . . . they have fallen flat on their face."

¶ *The Command* (Warner Bros.) features Guy Madison as a U.S. Army medical officer who takes command of a cavalry regiment in an emergency. Says Producer David Weisbart: "It's a kind of an off-beat thing. The doctor's approach in most of the picture is fairly intellectual rather than physical. Of course, at the end he turns out to be brave."

¶ *River of No Return* (20th Century-Fox) is a CinemaScope picture starring Marilyn Monroe, who 1) wears "Tailored Levis," 2) fights off Indians on a raft with an oar, 3) sings two songs, 4) battles a wildcat barehanded and wins.

¶ *King of the Khyber Rifles* (20th Century-Fox), also in CinemaScope, stars Tyrone Power in India, has been called an "eastern western."

¶ *Garden of Evil* (20th Century-Fox), with Gary Cooper in CinemaScope, is "a western in Mexico."

¶ *Red Garters* (Paramount) is a tongue-in-cheek musical western using abstract settings. The villain wears black and rides a black horse; the hero and his horse are both in white.

¶ *Johnny Guitar* (Republic) stars Joan Crawford as a sort of female Shane who shoots it out with Two-Gun Mercedes McCambridge. A lesser character, Scott Brady, plays "The Dancing Kid," a varmint who goes into a dance step just before he blazes away.

¶ *The Black Knight* (Columbia) a "medieval western," offers deadpan Alan Ladd as a knight on the town.

¶ *Saskatchewan* (Alan Ladd) and *The Far Country* (James Stewart) take place in Canada and Alaska, are called "northern westerns" by Universal-International.

¶ *War Clouds* (United Artists) is notable for a sequence in which the white-man hero (Rory Calhoun), armed with bow & arrow, fights it out with a gun-toting Indian.

The New Pictures

How to Marry a Millionaire (20th Century-Fox) is the second picture produced in CinemaScope—the wide-screen process that made *The Robe* look, in the studio's ledger as well as in the public's



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eye, like a huge, animated dollar bill. *HTMAM* might be said to cover the other side of the currency. Where *The Robe*, a Biblical epic, was dominated by the personable male heads of Richard Burton, Michael Rennie and Victor Mature, its successor is a light comedy devoted to a close inspection of three famous girls.

Betty Grable, Lauren Bacall and Marilyn Monroe, cast as three little lovebirds in search of a gilded cage, decide that the best way to catch a millionaire is to set a trap. They set one, accordingly, in a sublet apartment on Manhattan's Sutton Place—a happy hunting ground for mink, the script says—and bait it with everything they've got, which is mostly cheesecake. Millionaires apparently like the bait as well as most fellows, and pretty soon they are wolfing away at the door. In the end, of course, the filthy lucre loses out to nice, clean sex, and everybody goes to bed



MARILYN MONROE & BETTY GRABLE
 The wolves are at their door.

instead of to Bergdorf's. But while it lasts, the gold rush is rowdy, irreverent, and sprinkled with belly laughs.

As the manspining of the mantrap, Lauren Bacall is the least convincing of the three. She does her work with a reptile eye and a cold, slit grin. Marilyn Monroe, on the other hand, is pert and comfortable as a not-so-dumb blonde who doesn't like to wear glasses for fear men won't make passes. Betty Grable, a performer who has always appeared to have just about as much above the eyebrows as below, carries off the show with such scenes as the one in which she arrives with her millionaire friend at his "lodge" in Maine and stammers in baby-blue-eyed amazement, "But where are all the Elks?"

The important thing about the picture, however, is the proof it offers that CinemaScope can do the comic about as well as it can the epic. The problem of pictorial composition within the stretched-out frame is fairly well handled, chiefly by



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making the actors move more and the camera less. The cutting from one scene to another is a little heavy-handed, but the eye soon learns to allow for it, and the light skip from scene to scene, so necessary in comedy, does not seriously falter.

In providing a second super-production to follow up its first, Fox has made a strong lead to take the next trick in the big game now being played for the entertainment dollar. If *HTMAM* is a grand-scale success, the other Hollywood studios will probably have to trump, or follow Fox's suit.

The *Glass Web* (Universal-International) succeeds in covering up its basic dullness by skillfully using a couple of cinematic dirty words: adultery and TV.

John Forsythe, the writer of a television program called *Crime of the Week*, falls into the habit of fooling around with



JOHN FORSYTHE & KATHLEEN HUGHES
To her string, too many beaux.

a blonde (Kathleen Hughes) instead of going dutifully home in the late afternoon. When he tries to break the habit, the blonde breaks the bad news: she wants \$2,500 or she will tell his wife. The night of the payoff the blonde has a run-in with two other men—her husband (John Verros) and the head researcher of the writer's program (Edward G. Robinson), another of the many beaux to her string. Early next morning the dame is found dead.

From there on out, any experienced moviegoer will know that: 1) the murder will be chosen as "Crime of the Week"; 2) the writer and the researcher will reveal their intimacy with the deceased by curious slips in the course of the program; and 3) the murderer will finally be trapped into confessing his crime before a television camera he does not know to be "live." Nevertheless, the film (owing something to the superior mystery novel by Max Simon Ehrlich on which it is based) at times conveys amusingly how life looks through the other end of the



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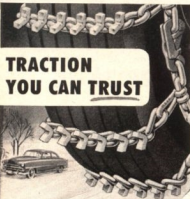
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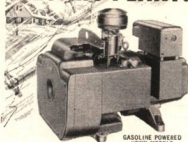
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television tube. And in Actor Forsythe, now playing in the Broadway hit, *The Teahouse of the August Moon*, it has a fine, melancholy hero.

Calamity Jane (Warner) is a good picture to come in late on. In that way the moviegoer can hear a little amiable shouting by Doris Day and Howard Keel, soak up some pleasant Technicolor, and leave under the illusion that the yammering chaos of the plot is put in order by something he missed in the first reel. (It is not.)

The big idea, apparently, was to send yet another dog after the scraps from *Annie Get Your Gun*'s box-office banquet. Instead of Annie Oakley and Buffalo Bill, the lovers in this opus are Calamity Jane and Wild Bill Hickok, together with such a subsidiary tangle of interlocking triangles that the audience may need a logarithm table to figure it all out.

At any rate, Singer Keel (who played in the screen version of *Annie Get Your Gun*) knows how to saddle up his songs and ride them for all they're worth—which, in this case, is not much. Songstress Day, as Calamity, is clearly aiming at the Ethel Merman manner. But where husky Ethel, with her large-bore bellows, can roar out a song until her throat fairly smokes, dainty Doris is more like a Girl Scout with a shiny new Daisy: she's load-ed, but hardly for bear.

CURRENT & CHOICE

The Living Desert. Walt Disney's first full-length film of nature in the raw. Seldom mild, often cruelly beautiful (TIME, Nov. 16).

Decameron Nights. Spicy stories by Boccaccio; with Joan Fontaine, Louis Jourdan (TIME, Nov. 16).

The Little Fugitive. The camera follows seven-year-old Richie Andrusco on a wonderfully photogenic lam through Coney Island (TIME, Nov. 2).

The Actress. Ruth Gordon's hit comedy about stagestruck adolescence; with Spencer Tracy, Teresa Wright, Jean Simmons (TIME, Oct. 19).

The Captain's Paradise. Alec Guinness as a ferryboat captain who manages to have a wife (Celia Johnson and Yvonne de Carlo) in each port (TIME, Oct. 12).

The Robe. The first CinemaScope film, a colorful production based on Lloyd C. Douglas' 1942 bestseller; starring Richard Burton, Victor Mature and Jean Simmons (TIME, Sept. 28).

Roman Holiday. Newcomer Audrey Hepburn goes on a hilarious tour of Rome with Gregory Peck and Eddie Albert (TIME, Sept. 7).

The Cruel Sea. One of the best of the World War II films, based on Nicholas Monsarrat's bestseller (TIME, Aug. 24).

From Here to Eternity. James Jones's novel about life in the peacetime Army, compressed into a hard, tensely acted movie (TIME, Aug. 10).

The Moon Is Blue. Disapproved by the Legion of Decency and the U.S. Navy, but a nice little comedy all the same (TIME, July 6).



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BOOKS

A Choice of the Past

There are several good ways of mining the past in the writing business, and this year's authors have proved that all of them can be made to yield rich lore. The vogue of well-researched biography has rarely been more popular: new histories, letters and memoirs descend on U.S. book counters week after week. Occasionally, the researcher takes his camera with him and produces a pictorial report, as in the University of Chicago's handsome *Persepolis* (see pictures on following pages). But again and again, researchers market their researches as historical fiction. This fall, with the Christmas trade in cheerful mind, publishers have trundled out something new from almost every surefire era. A sampling:

Sixth Century Constantinople (*The Female*, by Paul I. Wellman; Doubleday). One more version of the fascinating story of Theodora, the clever charmer who rose from a harlot in the Street of Women to become Justinian's wife and empress of the Byzantine Empire. Full of dancing girls, whores, eunuchs and Byzantine VIPs.

Medieval Ireland and Cornwall (*The Enchanted Cup*, by Dorothy James Roberts; Appleton-Century-Crofts). A tearful new version of the old Tristram-Isolde love story which in no way improves on the previous versions of Sir Thomas Malory, Alfred Lord Tennyson, Algernon Charles Swinburne, Edwin Arlington Robinson and Richard Wagner.

14th Century Rome (*Bettina Colonna*, by Michel Durafour; Bobbs-Merrill). A

souped-up account of the meteoric political rise and fall of Cola di Rienzo (fact), and how lovely, ruthless Bettina won and lost him (fiction), enlivened by pre-Renaissance skulduggery and dalliance.

15th Century England (*The Swan and the Rose*, by Francis Leary; A. A. Wyn). The Wars of the Roses, as seen by a well-thewed commoner who allows neither defeat nor the threat of death to budge his Lancastrian allegiance.

17th Century France and Martinique (*Marie of the Isles*, by Robert Gaillard; A. A. Wyn). The story of a single-minded girl who gets two doctors to certify that she still has her virginity so that she can lose it to the man she loves; told with a strong French accent on sex and sadism.

18th Century France (*The Devil's Laughter*, by Frank Yerby; Dial). In the turmoil of Revolution and Terror, a third-estate hero runs afoul of a villainous second-estate chap, toys with a tawny-haired demimondaine whose kisses curl his toes inside his boots, but nobly marries Fleur-ette, a blind flower girl.

18th Century America (*Fire and the Hammer*, by Shirley Barker; Crown). A willful girl with a pretty but empty head pursues a recalcitrant Quaker for more than a decade and finally gets him.

The Civil War (*The Valiant Virginians*, by James Warner Bellah; Ballantine). A drawly, short-order helping of war sketches that simmers down to sweet essence of molasses.

Still in print, for those who want a good historical about **19th Century Russia: War and Peace**, by Leo Tolstoy.

Manifest Destiny

THE JOURNALS OF LEWIS AND CLARK [504 pp.]—Edited by Bernard DeVoto—Houghton Mifflin (\$6.50).

This was mighty strange stuff to be going to the President of the U.S. In one of the four boxes there was "a red fox Skin Containing a Magpie." In another "the bones & Skeleton of a Small burrowing wolf." A third contained a tin box of "insects mice &c."

These relics were not meant as a vulgar insult to President Jefferson. They were zoological samplings from Meriwether Lewis and William Clark,* of the U.S. Army, out to explore Jefferson's Louisiana Purchase. Every U.S. schoolboy has heard of them, but the seven volumes of their journals have long been the private browsing grounds of historical grubbers. Now Pulitzer Prize winner Bernard (Across the Wide Missouri) DeVoto has cut them down to everyman's size, restored the great adventure to the common reader.

Common Dangers. Lewis and Clark left St. Louis in May 1804. Long before their return in September 1806, they were presumed to be dead, and it was a fair presumption. Many of the Indians were friendly, but there were plenty who were not. The travelers were repeatedly attacked by grizzlies. Another common complaint was "Louis Veneri," which could be "contracted from an amorous contact with a Chinook damsel." Clark dutifully reported that "the Chinook women are lude and carry on sport publicly."

Mostly they lived by their riles, and in buffalo country the living was easy. But there were times when roots, dried berries and their horses and dogs stood between them and starvation. Wrote Lewis on Jan. 5, 1806: "I have learned to think that if the chond be sufficiently strong, which binds the soul and body together, it does not so much matter about the materials which compose it."

Wild Melody. Lewis was a captain in the Regular Army, Clark a second lieutenant, but both were called "Captain" and shared the leadership. Their men, except for guides, were Army enlisted men, and never did men endure so much for so little: \$8 a month for sergeants, \$5 for privates. Yet only one man deserted.

The authors make little fuss about difficulties. And only occasionally does the beauty of the wilderness tempt them into the kind of lyricism that surged up in Meriwether Lewis on June 8, 1805: "The Marias River" passes through a rich fertile and one of the most beautifully picturesque countries that I ever beheld, through the wide expanse of which, innumerable herds of living animals are seen, it's borders garnished with one continued garden of roses, while it's lofty and open forests are the habitation of miriads of the feathered tribes who salute the ear of the passing traveler with their wild and simple, yet sweet and cheerful melody."



LEWIS & CLARK ON THE COLUMBIA RIVER
Death was a fair presumption.

* Not to be confused with Explorer George Rogers Clark, his older brother.

PERSEPOLIS: ANCIENT CAPITAL OF DARIUS I



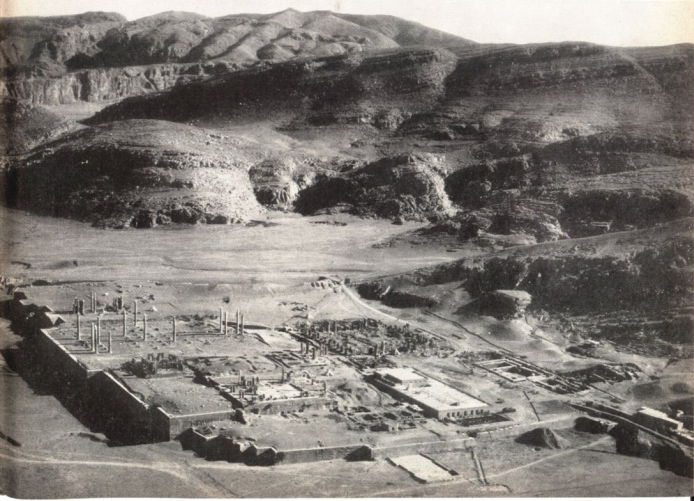
HUGE STONE BULL WAS GUARDIAN OF THRONE HALL

ABOUT 520 B.C., Darius the Great, King of Kings and master of most of the then-known world, founded the palace-fortress of Persepolis in southern Persia. Greek sculptors and Egyptian architects worked on its gorgeous public buildings. Caravans, laden with tribute and treasure, streamed to Persepolis from the ends of the earth. The city, under the Achaemenian dynasty, was the richest and most sumptuous capital in the world.

Then, 200 years later, Alexander of Macedon invaded the Persian Empire. His soldiers looted Persepolis and carried its treasures away (according to Plutarch) on the backs of 20,000 mules and 5,000 camels.

Since 1931, the Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago has been digging in the ruins of Persepolis and marshaling its findings into scholarly order. This week Professor Erich F. Schmidt is publishing a massive book, *Persepolis: Structures, Reliefs, Inscriptions* (University of Chicago Press; \$65), which shows in 300 striking illustrations how much remains of the once-glittering Persian capital.

PERSEPOLIS EXCAVATION, BENEATH MOUNTAIN OF MERCY, SHOWS DEFENSE WALLS AND TERRACE PLAN OF CITY





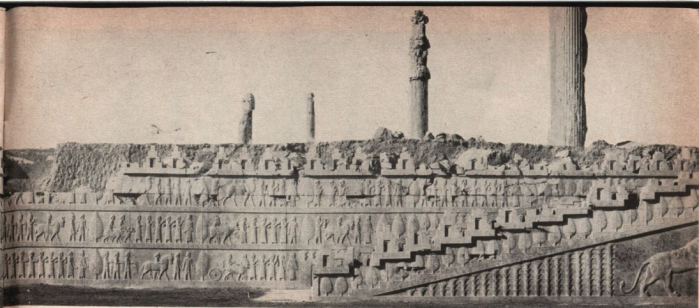
GREAT STAIRCASE, 265 feet long, rises to ancient columned terrace of royal audience hall, the Apadana. Reliefs, picturing New Year's festival, show delegations from various parts of the empire bearing tribute to the King of Kings.



ELABORATE DESIGN, on grey limestone wall of Treasury storehouse, is example of sculptor's intricate relief carving. Ornamented sword scabbard of king's weapon bearer has griffins on shield at top and file of nine ibexes on scabbard shaft.

← **ROYAL CARVING** on doorway of Queen Amestris' quarters in harem of Xerxes shows unidentified hero grasping horn of mythical monster while he plunges knife into body of adversary, portrayed as a rampant griffin with tail of a scorpion.

GATE OF XERXES, one of entrances to Persepolis, was guarded by pair of human-headed, winged bulls, 20 feet high, wearing feather crowns and horns signifying divinity. Passage led to chamber where visitors awaited audience with king. →





RELIEF DETAIL ON APADANA SHOWS TRIBUTE PROCESSION BRINGING GOLD CUPS AND CAMEL TO PERSIAN KING



SCYTHIANS IN POINTED HATS ADVANCE TOWARD THRONE WITH GIFTS OF CLOTHING AND BRIDLED STALLION



DARIUS AND SON XERXES (BEHIND THRONE) RECEIVE ROYAL VISITOR STANDING BEYOND INCENSE BURNERS

Bloody Mary

MARY TUDOR (439 pp.)—H.F.M. Prescott—Macmillan (\$5).

For three and three-quarter years the grisly processions went on. Bishops, preachers and laymen—some 300 of them, all convicted of heresy—were marched to the stake, and the smoke of their burnings hung like a pall over England. It did not stop until death came one day in 1558 to the woman in whose name the executions were carried out: Mary Tudor, Queen of England.

Few historians have ever tried to defend "Bloody Mary." Roman Catholic Historian Hilaire Belloc sought to soften the impeachment by showing how bloody was the age in which she lived and how well-deserving of the same epithet were "Bluff King Hal" (her father) and "Good Queen Bess" (her half sister). But none has succeeded in presenting Mary against the background of her time with quite the acumen and diligence of H.F.M. (for Hilda Frances Margaret) Prescott, a sometime Oxford lecturer and novelist (*The Man on a Donkey*—TIME, Sept. 22, 1952). First published (under the title *Spanish Tudor*) in 1940, *Mary Tudor* is an enlarged, revised version of a first-rate work of scholarship.

The Two Kingdoms. Biographer Prescott's aim is to show how and why a princess of "patient, untiring affection" grew into a soured, suspicious queen who was incapable of compromise in the matter of religious heresy. So the real story of Mary has to begin with the canceling of the marriage of her mother, Katherine of Aragon, and Henry VIII.

As Henry saw it, nothing mattered more than that he should have a son. As Katherine saw it, the kingdom of Heaven was of vastly greater importance than the kingdom of England. "I would rather," she said, "be a poor beggar's wife and be sure of Heaven, than to be Queen of all the world and stand in doubt thereof." When Henry pressed her to agree that their marriage had been "unlawful" because she had been married briefly to his dead brother, she retorted that this would be "to confess to having been the King's harlot this 24 years." After Henry broke with the Roman Catholic Church and married Anne Boleyn, Katherine instructed adolescent Mary: "[Obey] the King your father in everything, save only that you will not offend God and lose your own soul."

Mary obeyed. She loyally obeyed her ferocious father in all matters temporal, defied him in all matters spiritual. What saved Mary from the block was not her father's mercy, but the fact that her cousin was King Charles of Spain, and any injury to Mary might have been Henry's undoing. One result was that Mary grew up to believe that her only friends were Spaniards, and when her mother died the Spanish ambassador became Mary's closest adviser. Exiled from court, she made her various homes in the countryside strongholds of the Roman Catholic faith.

A Small, Plain Woman. "If you were [my] daughter," one of Henry's bullies once bellowed at Mary, "I would beat you to death and knock your head against the wall till it was as soft as a baked apple." Before long it looked as though Henry, regardless of Spain's warnings, intended just some such fate for Mary. Terrified, she begged the Spanish ambassador for advice, and he instructed her to save her head—if necessary by acknowledging her father as "Supreme Head" of the Church of England and her mother's marriage as "incestuous."

"The Confession of me, the Lady Mary" (as this surrender was entitled) was destined "to mark Mary for life." She had been "false to her mother and her mother's Church," writes Biographer Prescott. "In every crisis . . . afterwards she remembered it, and . . . made her decision . . . regardless of wisdom, deaf to



QUEEN MARY
She never learned to lie.

argument . . . not daring to compromise because once in her life she had known what was right, and had not done it."

But at least she lived, second in line to the throne (after her younger half brother Edward VI), the growing hope of England's "Old Catholics" and a vital pawn in the game of Anglo-Spanish diplomacy. When she mounted the throne at 37, she was a "small and thin," unattractive woman, old for her age and with "a loud and deep voice" in which she had "never learnt to lie," but only, as she said, "to be plain with you." She had one fixed intention: to restore the old religion. But she swore "graciously not to compel or constrain" the consciences of those who had accepted the new.

It was Mary's—and England's—tragedy, concludes Biographer Prescott, that no such simple graciousness was workable. The England she had imagined in her semi-exile in no way resembled the England she came to rule. What Mary called

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the "new" religion was already "old" to many Englishmen. The Protestant party was not, as she imagined, composed of a few erring men who had "been misled, or frightened into the new ways." It was a powerful, well-rooted faction made up partly of ardently religious men, partly of landlords who dreaded that Mary would give back to the Church the rich monastic properties which Henry VIII had shared out. When the "old" service returned to the parish churches, London was strewn with anti-papist pamphlets and broadsheets; men gathered together for armed rebellion. And many an Englishman who had welcomed a return to the old ways hesitated in insular fear when he saw, on Mary's one hand, the long-absent papal legate and, on the other, her new husband, Prince Philip of Spain.

The Deathbed Succession. What Mary faced was a state of "open war." Who, exactly, led and organized "the policy of persecution" with which Mary retaliated, "we do not know," writes Author Prescott. But the burning of heretics, "a principle taken for granted" in Tudor England, now began on a scale never known before or since. "Women at their marketing, men at their daily trade, the cobbler at his bench, the ploughman treading the furrow—all learned to know the awful smell of burning human flesh, the flesh of a neighbor, of a man or woman as familiar as the parish pump. Mingling with the steam of washing day, or with the reek of autumn bonfires, or polluting the sweetness of June, that stench... even in a cruel age, left behind it a memory and a disgust."

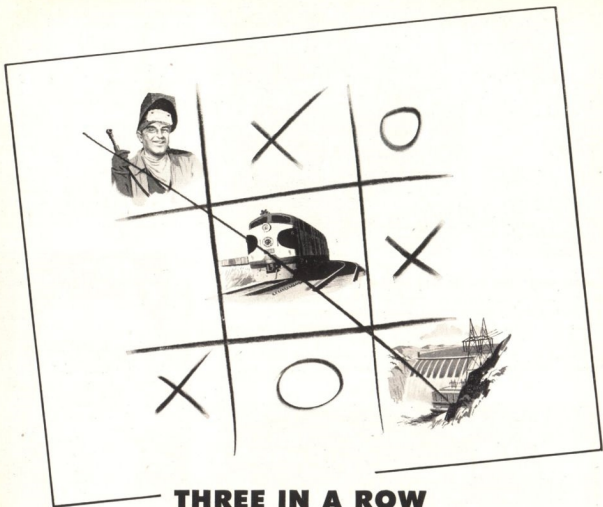
Her enemies broadcast pictures of Mary "almost naked, wrinkled and uncomely, suckling Spaniards at her breast, and round about, the legend: *Maria Ruina Angliae.*" There was truth in the legend, for never had England sunk so low, militarily and financially, never had she known such general instability and discontent. And never had Mary herself sunk so low in her own esteem. Her handsome husband, after perfunctorily doing his duty in the hope of providing England with a Catholic heir, walked out on her when she proved barren. Calais, England's proud outpost in France, fell to the French. Ill and miserable, she found that her last days were to be her worst, for it was on her deathbed that the Privy Council forced her to name as her successor the detested Protestant Elizabeth, daughter of Anne Boleyn.

Author Prescott tells her story not as a Catholic apologist (she is an Anglican), but rather as a woman writing understandingly of the troubles of another. In her hands, Mary's story is both terrible and unforgettable.

Back to Chicago

THE FACE OF TIME (366 pp.)—James T. Farrell—Vanguard (\$3.75).

James T. Farrell has spent most of his writing life in the shadow of a Chicago poolroom hoodlum named Studs Lonigan. But while Farrell undoubtedly put his best talent into the creation of Studs, he has



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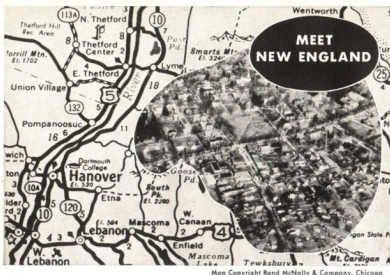


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since lavished double the affection, energy and space (present count: 5 vols., 2,529 pp.) on Danny O'Neill, a sensitive, spectacled youngster growing up in the same South Side slums as Studs and James Farrell himself. Earlier novels in the O'Neill saga, e.g., *A World I Never Made*, *My Days of Anger*, found young Danny seething with frustrations and a rage to leave the poor, brawl-bitten shanty Irish world of the O'Neills who bore him and the O'Flahertys who brought him up. In *The Face of Time*, Danny is five, too young to care about much except where the next ice cream cone is coming from.

The time is easygoing 1909, but even Danny senses that the going is hard for his folks. Grandfather Tom O'Flaherty is in his 70s and can hold his own only at the local booze parlor. Grandmother Mary is a mermaid who keeps "givin' him hell . . . because that's the way you have to



NOVELIST FARRELL
The oysters looked like milk.

treat a man." Aunt Margaret is in love with a man who is not only married but a "black Protestant devil" besides, and pretty Aunt Louise is dying of TB. As for Uncle Al, a shoe salesman who foots most of the bills, he talks like Babbitt and acts like Mussolini.

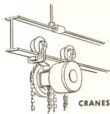
On rare visits to his mother, Danny is treated to more grim realism and the reader to Author Farrell's small-fry prose: "Danny didn't like it, seeing his new baby brother being fed at Mama's breasts . . . When he was a little baby he did that, got milk from Mama's breast. It almost made him mad. Why did God make it that way? It was like oysters. Oysters looked like milk that would make you maybe sick if you ate them. He couldn't look at oysters."

At novel's end, Danny has to look at Grandfather Tom dying horribly of cancer, but there is perhaps one sadder fact about *The Face of Time*: how still it stands for James T. Farrell.

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The Old Story. In Hamilton, Ont., as he left with his bride Lucy, 78, for a two-week honeymoon, Paul Wilson, 84, happily told reporters how it all began: "We met in the park just four weeks ago. I was sitting on a bench when I noticed a woman beside me. As I turned to look... she winked..."

Arms & the Man. In Johannesburg, South Africa, when seven armed holdup men entered his store, Grocer James Christopher started bombarding the bandits with two-pound cans of lemon drops, routed them after scoring six direct hits.

The Competition. In Wickenburg, Ariz., Chevrolet Dealer Bernard Hill proudly decorated his new showroom with wallpaper featuring illustrations of old-model automobiles, discovered too late that the old models were all Fords.

Gentleman's Agreement. In Los Angeles, after forcing Grocery Clerk George Albert to hand over \$1,263.61 in a paper bag, a gunman eyed his loot, remarked: "It don't look like a lot, but you can report it as \$10,000. If they catch me, I'll confess to that sum. Are you happy?"

The Young in Heart. In Atlanta, after the city council legalized teen-age nighttime parking in city parks, the ordinance's sponsor, Councilman John A. White, 54, declared: "Why, I'd be out there myself if I was a single man..."

Nickname. In Liverpool, England, a local bank honored a check made out to "NWGBLGGHHRHBSL 1," after learning that the letters stood for North West Gas Board, Liverpool Group, Group Headquarters, Radiant House, Bold Street, Liverpool 1.

The Balanced Scale. In Cape Town, South Africa, playing hooky from school, 13-year-old Peter Schroder rescued a marooned kitten from a 60-ft. pine tree, got 1) a \$1-50 reward from the grateful owner, 2) a medal from the Animal Welfare Society, 3) a sound thrashing from his headmaster, who said: "Peter is a hero, but if he plays truant, he must also take his medicine."

The Buildup. In Denver, Mrs. Erma R. Gentle, 27, won an interlocutory divorce after testifying that her husband John spent all his money on hobbies, once exercised so diligently with bar bells that he was too exhausted to do anything else.

Time for a Change. In Newport News, Va., looking for a buyer, Jim Elliott described his truck in a *Press* ad: "... Perfect condition except rear end roars and grinds to deafening, nerve-racking extent. Leaks grease... uses oil excessively, engine knocks... erratic steering, no stability on road... brakes grab, water leaks out. Will sell as is—no guarantee..."

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